

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PLAYBOY

PHILIPPINES

DECEMBER 2012
PHP 199.00



THE PLAYMATES AS POP ART

ANDY WARHOL . SALVADOR DALI . GEORGE SEGAL . TOM WESSELMAN . JAMES ROSENQUIST . JOHN CURRIN

CLASSIC PLAYBOY INTERVIEW AYN RAND . 200 JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT .
20 GREATEST COCKTAILS OF ALL TIME

18
AND ABOVE



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I'd like to personally welcome you to the December 2012 issue of PLAYBOY Philippines! After seeing that cover, I know you didn't expect to turn the page and be slammed in the face with a block of text instead of our famous pictures. So... apologies for ruining the moment. But, since you are already here, allow me to thank you, on behalf of my editorial team, our contributing writers, photographers, and creative styling team, for experiencing the bigger, bolder, and better PLAYBOY Philippines. If this has been a great year for you, it has also been a totally better year for us. So, thank you very much (again) for allowing us to open your minds not only with our gorgeous women but with all the information, interviews, narratives, and literary pieces that we give you in every issue. We promise you that greater things will be in store for all of you in the months to come.

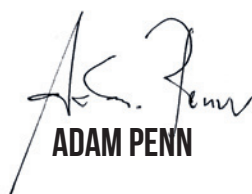
After all the twists and turns of

2012, we can't help but still shower you with endless beauty. And what better way to do that is to make this month extra special for you as we dedicate this issue to that one thing that the majority from this country don't give that much time and credit to: The Arts.

This month, we are privileged to share with you some of the works of our greatest visual artists through their own interpretation of our favorite subject: the Playmates. We are also running a classic PLAYBOY interview with one of the world's literary giants, Ayn Rand.

Of course, to celebrate the holidays, we give you the top 20 cocktails of all time to keep you company. And if that gets too much, worry not because we have also prepared an easy way to cure your hangover. And the rest, as they say, is a surprise. So open your present now and flip the pages.

Happy Holidays!


ADAM PENN

THE COVER



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Happy Holidays!

From your PLAYBOY Philippines family.



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DECEMBER 2012

PLAYBOY CONTENTS

DEPARTMENTS

EDITOR'S NOTE	01
PLAYBILL	08
DEAR PLAYBOY	04
PLAYLIST	09
PLAYBOY ADVISOR	07
PLAYBOY PARTY JOKES	55
PLAYBOY NEWS	100
PLAYBOY RECALL	104

FORUM

16 THE NOT-SO-FUN PARTY IN CONGRESS BY LOUIE BENEDICT IGNACIO

As of November 2012, Commission on Elections (COMELEC) granted 79 party-list groups accreditation to represent marginalized sectors of the country on May 2013 election. COMELEC admits that it is not a perfect list. But the question is, are party list groups variable to the system?

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

56 AYN RAND BY ALVIN TOFFLER

Rand remains a presence, prescient as she will always be. Rand is a major figure in literature and even, to an extent, our history. Alvin Toffler asks her key questions, her answers that still define how Objectivism still applies to the aspects of the modern world.

72 20Q: JOSEPH GORDON LEVITT BY STEPHEN REBELLO

JGL has had a phenomenal year, starring in movies such as The Dark Knight Rises, Lincoln, Looper and Premium Rush. While Hollywood and fans are still abuzz with speculation about the role he will take on the next installment of the Batman franchise, PLAYBOY got him to talk about his love for indie films, his fascination for bikes and how he could be a threat to LeBron James.

FEATURE

26 CURTAINS STILL OPEN: ROBERTO CHABET'S TO BE CONTINUED AT CCP BY ANGELO V. SUAREZ

What does art mean to a non-artist, non-art patron, and non-art critic, or simply like the rest of us? As the Cultural Center of the Philippines pushes to a thrust to make art public, and simultaneously celebrate Roberto Chabet's 50 years of conceptual art, Angelo V. Suarez throws ponderings to allow us to look into the significance and futility of art.

30 PLAYMATE AS POP ART BY DAVE HICKEY

Collecting fine art in the "Playmate mode" started our forty-five years ago when Playboy asked eleven artist to interpret the centerfold. Dave Hickey revisits their work to determine how tastes have changed.

42 SHATTERED GENIUS BY BRETT FORREST

Brett Forrest shares his attempt to interview a Russian math genius, Grigori Perelman, who is the sole person in the world to solve The Poincare Conjecture, which plagued the brightest minds for a century.

FICTION

80 NOBODY MOVE (CONTINUATION) BY DENIS JOHNSON

The second installment of this noir novel is more thrilling and heart-stopping. Find out who dies and who survives on Nobody Move by Denis Johnson.



PLAYLIST: THE BURBERRY BRITAIN

This design comes either on power reserve or automatic. Looking opulent and brutish, we wonder how you would look waxing poetic over something so beautiful.

dear playboy

Dear Playboy,
I have to say, I enjoyed the women issue of Playboy for the month of October. It was my first time to buy Playboy here in the Philippines last October too and I was so happy to see a fresh Filipina face. PMOY Billy was awesome. And now, Playmate of the Year Sky Aisuru is on the cover! I love how you put pride to our own models. Keep it up. Can't wait for the October issue next year! Wonder who will win PMOY!
Gerald, 29 Via e-mail

We feature our Playmate of the Year on the cover every year. It's as much as we could do for Sky Aisuru, who actually deserves nothing less. We hope you were able to learn a thing or two from and about this hard working PLAYBOY darling. Here is another issue filled with Playmates ready to be picked as your favorite.

Dear Playboy,
I just want to give my kudos to the editorial team of Playboy PH. I still have a hangover with the September issue of Mocha Girls! It was so good. And dang, that one all-out photo was amazing! I love you, PLAYBOY!
Seth, 30 Via e-mail

We're glad to hear you enjoyed our music issue! We're big fans of music and musicians, so putting the issue together were something we have always looked forward to doing. We're sure the multi-talented Mocha Uson appreciates your comment, too. Hold your horses for the next issues because they will be equally filling.

Dear Playboy,
I just want to know, how do the guys of Playboy work? I mean, with all the sexy girls

and nude girls they see everyday, how do they keep their composure?
Boysie, 28 Via e-mail

Women disrobing for the cameras, on a weekly basis, are never something one would get used to. There is always that thrill for a new face and a unique telling beauty. At worst, If you were in a shoot you'd be stunned motionless. Our photographers and production staff are rather sensibly cool. Our creative team has perhaps the better gentlemen, and with that we consider ourselves lucky.

Dear Playboy,
I follow your Party Jokes. I'm a funny guy myself. Is it possible to send some jokes, too? But most of it is in Filipino. If you like the idea please let me know where to send it. Thanks!
Funny Man, 35 Via e-mail

We appreciate the thought of sending us your party jokes. We say send them in through e-mail at PLAYBOY@pbphil.com, and make our day. We may post your jokes on our Facebook page, too, so be on the lookout.

Dear Playboy,
I want to see more of the Playmates! Do they have a website? Or even a Facebook account? I saw the photo when they were in Cebu. Must say, I'm a fan of the Playboy models!
Eduardo, 34 Via e-mail

#FriskyFriday on our Facebook page and on our Twitter will give you the Playmates in their fun and candid selves. Follow us on Twitter and like our Facebook page so you could post your comments and messages. If the Playmates are not enough to jumpstart your weekend, we don't know what else will.

**Send us your
comments and
suggestions.**

CONTACT US AT
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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



\$16,390,000

In 2012, a 1957 Ferrari 250 Testa Rossa was sold for \$16,390,000, which is about \$4M more than the previous price record-setting Ferrari two years ago. The car, a prototype of the line, is known to collectors as the "666" Testa Rossa (Italian for "red head"), after its serial number 0666TR from the Ferrari factory line.



\$8M

The Exelero, commissioned by tire company, Fulda, is a chopped-down, two-seater coupe. Rapper Bryan "Birdman" Williams reportedly spent \$8M on this Maybach Exelero coupe. The rapper has a net worth of \$125M.



\$119,922,500

Edvard Munch's *The Scream*, 1895, was auctioned at Sotheby's Sales of Impressionist, Modern and Contemporary Art, and was sold for \$119,922,500. The masterpiece is one of four versions created by Munch and the only one that is privately owned.

\$3.7 BILLION

Average worth of a Forbes billionaire



\$2 MILLION

FOR A WEEK'S VACATION ON THE ECLIPSE YACHT.

Owned by Russian oligarch and Chelsea football club owner Roman Abramovich, this yacht is known as the world's largest private yacht with a length of 558 feet and worth \$485 million. It is the most expensive private yacht in terms of construction value and is also the most expensive private yacht for charter with fees amounting to around \$2M for a week's vacation.



\$5,120,000

THE PATEK CALIBER 89

Buying this watch would require selling three and a half Bugatti Veyrons. It is the most complicated watch on the planet with 33 complications. Essentially, it requires a degree in mechanical engineering to understand, but suffice it to say it has everything but the kitchen sink. It also took more time to design than you spent in college.



\$117,000

Christian Vanneque, who runs SIP Wine Bar in Bali, Indonesia paid \$117,000 for the bottle.

1811 CHATEAU D'YQUEM



\$304,375

This exquisite bottle was auctioned at Christie's in Geneva for \$304,375.

1947 CHATEAU CHEVAL BLANC



\$1 MILLION

In case you have a spare million floating around, this inordinately expensive vodka comes in a bottle

SCOTTISH DIVA VODKA



\$460,000

THE MACALLAN 64-YEAR OLD IN LALIQUE

At \$460,000, this exquisite scotch is almost a bargain when you consider the sleek crystal decanter it comes in.



\$2 MILLION

HENRI IV DUGOGNON HERITAGE

The Henri IV Dugognon Heritage is the world's most expensive cognac. The \$2 million bottle is packaged by jeweler Jose Davalos, and is reportedly dubbed the DNA of cognacs.



\$800

Most expensive beer at \$800. With only thirty bottles produced, the beer was brewed with Antarctic ice.



\$8,830

Used by bar mixologist, Salvatore Calabrese, to create the world's most expensive cocktail. At London's highly-exclusive PLAYBOY Club, the legendary cocktail-connoisseur was delighted to mix the luxury \$8,830 concoction using the 240-year old ingredients that date back to years before the French Revolution.

DECEMBER 2012
PLAYBOY
CONTENTS



PLAYMATE: ONDREA FELIX

PLAYGROUND

90 STYLE
THE DB: PULL IT OFF

Its sleeve and waist trim and tapered, and its lapel slimmer to give you a broader chest, its length just right to give you height—the double breasted suit has become a sharper wardrobe implement easy does it for formal and casual attires. Consider it for casual looks this holiday season.

92 LEISURE
SUBCULTURE TO URBAN LIFESTYLE

More than the constant association with the X-games, the geared skater has the style and the swagger that defines and promotes the culture. Urban Athletics held the Supra Asian Tour, a “Meet and Drink” program that introduced fans to American skateboarding stars.

94 BEVERAGE
THE 20 GREATEST COCKTAILS OF ALL TIME

Terry Sullivan rediscovers classic mixology. Return with us to the thrilling cocktail days of yesteryear as we give you 20 of the best made cocktails of time together with its history and recipe.

98 ESTABLISHMENT
THE NEW EUPHORIA

You know you are in for some serious clubbing when you find a place where you can roam, chill, and get insanely wild with the unique drinks they whip up. Eden Club and Venom Shooters Bar call to your party vibe for a brave night of fun.

99 WELLNESS
HANG EASY WITH A HANGOVER

The holidays are a ticket for overindulgence. While the revelry is all good-natured, one must face the consequence as another day begins: the confounded hangover. Need to go to work after that wild night? Here are some simple tips to whack that pounding feeling in your head.

PICTORIALS

18 INTERNATIONAL WOMAN OF THE MONTH - AMELIA TALON

Find out how Amelia Talon captivates and allures with two surprises. The Playmate with a passion for muscle cars gets you feeling lucky as she decides to go against her grain, deviate from her passion in gaming and engage into modeling.

46 PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH - ONDREA FELIX

Ondrea Felix, independent and a true fighter bares it all in the pages of Playboy as this month's Playmate. Ondrea is definitely a natural pleaser and a delectable teaser and there is nothing she wants more than for you to enjoy her as she offers her best shots this season of giving.

62 ASIAN BEAUTY - DANNAH BARTOLOME

Meet the lady who will always go far in getting what she wants out of life. Dannah is a woman with a clear goal and the smarts to get what she wants when she wants it. Our December Asian Beauty is, indeed, out to make mankind go crazy for her.



STYLE: THE DOUBLE BREASTED



ESTABLISHMENT: VENOM SHOOTERS BAR



LEISURE: SKATEBOARDING



ASIAN BEAUTY: DANNAH BARTOLOME



INTERNATIONAL WOMAN: AMELIA TALON

PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm only 21 and they say that I think a bit more mature for my age. I already know what I want in my life and it's already on a timeline. A lady like me also knows what kind of man to choose. I like men who are already set in terms of their plans and career. Plus, I think they are better lovers than guys who are only on their 20's. Most of the girls I meet though think that I'm a bad woman for hanging out with single, older men. It's starting to annoy me how they talk about me. What should I do?
Grace, 21 Via e-mail

You may be equating maturity with being driven to achieve clear-set wants. It is rather commendable anyhow that you know what you want and need in the long run for yourself, at your young age. If your friends think and feel that the terms you have set should define you as a woman, and if you find yourself unable to put up with it, then you may need to rethink the kind of set of friends you want to have around.

I had a one night stand with this girl. She seriously looks like one of my celebrity crushes. She has, for me, the perfect body and she is very articulate, too. I'm beginning to think that it was all about her fulfilled fantasy because she walked out without giving me her number, not even her real name. I can't find her on Facebook. I've been thinking about her for the past weeks. How do I find this girl?
Jerry, 28 Via e-mail

If up to this day you have not found a trace of her identity, then it is time to give in to the possibility that she indeed just simply wanted to have a nice night. On the other hand, what are the lengths you are willing to take to find out about her? Either you get more creative than your usual, as in conduct a full investigation, or go forward and simply hope that you may meet her again.

My man is finally back from a business trip in Thailand and I must admit, I did play while he was away. I was in a party and took more shots than the usual. I'm not trying to celebrate. I guess it was just refreshing to be independent for at least two weeks. Spotted my ex in the party and after 7 long years, I finally saw my first ex boyfriend. It was fun to see how cool we were together and the chemistry was still there. As the night went on, my mind was telling me I should head home, but I landed in his bed. I know I won't do it again. I don't know why I ever did it. Now that my boyfriend is back, I don't feel the urge to tell him what I did. But

isn't that the right thing to do? Should I worry that I'm not guilty at all?
Red, 24 Via e-mail

How well do you know him to foresee how he would react and behave when he finds out? How rooted is your relationship for you to expect that this incident, as you would confess, be dismissed as merely things of the inebriated? If the thought of what has transpired is not getting in the way of how you function as a partner, then you may not be guilty. Worrying is not a requirement to make things right. Try to know who and what is important for you, and then begin to evaluate your ideal disposition.

What should I do to best solve my breath problem? It took my esteem way too low already. Mouth wash don't work too long. Oh, and once I solve it, how do I get back on top of the game?
Ally, 29 Via e-mail

Brushing your teeth, tongue and even flossing regularly, especially before going to sleep, should solve bad breath. This is the recommendation offhand because the primary cause of bad breath is the accumulation of bacteria in the mouth. Some, if not most, mouthwashes contain alcohol that leaves the mouth dry after a short period of time, thus gums and the tongue become more vulnerable to bacteria. Look for an alcohol-free one. Should this predicament persist, take the time to visit your dentist to seek professional help.

I was assigned to a province for my new position. It's going to be my first time ever to live in another place away from my family and girlfriend. Any survival tips?
Timothy, 26 Via e-mail

Did you mean survival in the province, or how to survive a long-distance relationship? How remote is this province situated? If the assignment promises to provide your basic needs, then there should never be a problem. You are in to learn the rudiments of a simple life, which can be a worthwhile rite of passage. If this is about keeping up with a long-distance relationship, then you may need to start considering gadgets for steady communication. Get creative, meaning Skype.





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3



PLAYBILL

ISSUE NO. 48

(1) **A OLEGARIO** is an all-around kind of girl. She prefers watching action films more than romantic comedies. Her perfect romantic movie is *The Dark Knight Rises* and that scene wherein Batman's love interest stabs him. A bibliophile, a voracious reader, she reads Kurt Vonnegut to Yogananda to the Gnostic Bible. Besides writing, she is also a wellness coach and is actively involved in development work. For this issue, she gives a rundown of must-see movies, specifically, those adapted from best-selling books.

(2) **JOVEN PURGANAN** views the urban Playboy as also a fixation about PLAYBOY itself, motivated by a deep understanding and appreciation on who the Playmates really are, inside and out. He is currently a Human Resources practitioner, concentrating in recruitment, training, and organizational development. If he is not online reading material to ace against the new generation cool, he enjoys listening to music, going on DVD marathons, trips to the beach, and travelling. In 2013, he plans to visit all the Southeast Asian countries, learn French, and be trained in the art of Jiu-jitsu.

(3) **PETERSEN VARGAS** lives in a world of prose and cons, detailing the divide with a pen in one hand, a camera on the other. Age, 20; address, the Internet. A die-hard Smiths fan, he blogs at awarewolves.tumblr.com. From time to time, he sidesteps from this world to attend film studies at the UP Film Institute. He likes to believe that someday he can laugh in the same sense and manner as Ayn Rand's character, Howard Roark.

(4) Poet-critic **ANGELO V. SUAREZ** is the author of *s&wich*, *Batch '97 Haiku*, & *Maliit lang 'yung sa 'yo, itabi mo, magpadaan ka: Adventures in parataxis*, among others. He has two books of poetry: *The Nymph of MTV* and *else it was purely girls*. He has won prizes from the Carlos Palanca and Maningning Miclat Foundations, and the National Book Award from the Manila Critics Circle. His work has garnered him the first Bridges of Struga International Poetry Prize from UNESCO and the Republic of Macedonia for *The Nymph of MTV*. Angelo also works in advertising.

(5) After working as PLAYBOY's layout artist for three years, **JEFFREY INFANTE** finally discovered his niche behind the lens, documenting still life and events. This year, aside from making us drool over his photos of our featured food and beverages, he started capturing scenes of PLAYBOY events and became the front man sexy girls approach to have their photos taken. What a lucky guy! Besides being a huge fan of "The Walking Dead", he also has this Tuesday habit after work, solely dedicated to the one thing we all love: Beer.



4



5

PLAYLIST ISSUE NO.48

GADGETS.LIFESTYLE.MOVIES.MUSIC.BOOKS.ART

THE PLAYLIST OFFERS WHAT EVERY PLAYBOY READER WANTS—RELEVANT REVIEWS AND INFORMATIVE LIFESTYLE NEWS. YOU, AS A PLAYBOY READER, NEED TO KNOW STUFF. AND WE ARE HERE TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU NEED.



MICROCOSMOS. OIL AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS. 20 X 20 INCHES

ALFRED MARASIGAN'S NIGHT SKY AND CELESTIAL BODIES HAS HIS OWN "VERSION OF SPLENDOR, THAT OF HORROR WITH BEAUTY." He mirrors the human potential, his steady inspiration, and "never-ending quest for transcendence and the journey into finding oneself." His canvasses are his place in the grand scheme of things. He is an up and coming artist in the now thriving local art scene. This high flier is immersed in his passion for the arts while still finishing his undergraduate degree at the Ateneo de Manila University. He has already won accolades and recognition for some of his works, the most recent being "Traverse", which won second place in the Maninangning Midlat Art Competition 2012 last September. *(By Michel Andre Constant)*



iPAD MINI 01

THE 7.9-INCH TABLET DIMINISHES THE AWKWARDNESS OF TAKING PICTURES WITH A SIZEABLE GADGET.

The iPad Mini packs all the features your cherished iPad boasted about with just a notable alteration — its last generation A5 CPU. The iPad Mini is facing hot competition against the Nexus 7 and Samsung Galaxy Tab 7.7. But, with a ten-hour battery life, a 7.2 mm thick body, and weighing in at slightly more than half a pound, we're sure the fondness for the iPad is not about to wane soon. *(Fatima Torres)*

**GADGETS
WORTHY OF
YOUR HOLIDAY
BONUS!**



SKULLCANDY SLYR 02

A FRESHER TAKE OF THE SLYR GAMING HEADSET REMOVES SKULLCANDY FROM BEING BRANDED AS A MERE FASHION HEADSET.

This earblaster has a wired stereo set up that has an inline remote control for volume and balance for game audio voice chat. It doesn't really matter whether you are a PC-gamer, an X-box aficionado or a true blue PS3 fan, Skullcandy's polished design works for all platforms. And you don't have to be a gamer to appreciate the difference of SLYR — you can always pair it with your Smartphone or your favorite MP3 player. *(F.T.)*

PLAYSTATION 3 SUPER SLIM 03

THE PLAYSTATION SUPER SLIM 3 LIVES UP TO ITS NAME. THOUGH A MERE 4.5 LBS. — 6.5 LBS. LESS THAN THE ORIGINAL 11 LBS. CONSOLE — IT STILL PACKS THE FEATURES OF THE CURRENT CONSOLES.

So what's new? The Super Slim's weight and volume is trimmed down to more than half of the old model and includes the much-talked about exclusion of an HDMI cable. On a positive note, it is the quietest game console to date. You might think you're becoming deaf if you try to listen for that familiar hum. The Playstation 3 is lighter and quieter, and the 12GB SSD is a sure lure as it loads games quickly and downloads promptly—an asset if you are looking into a worthy purchase. *(F.T.)*





RAY-BAN 2012 LEGENDS COLLECTION 05

THE SUN'S GLARE PLUS OUR TROPICAL WEATHER HAS MADE THE SUNGLASSES NOT JUST A STYLE ACCESSORY BUT AN ESSENTIAL EYE PROTECTION PIECE. Perhaps no other brand comes to mind when it comes to aviators and driving sunglasses other than Ray-Ban. To celebrate their 75th anniversary, the creators of this famous eyewear came out with a limited edition Legends Collection, a set of four eyeglasses with their different iconic styles. But this time one gets to choose shade tints including the '60s vintage colors. With this set, it's a grab for no-nonsense, surefire style fix. (F.T.)



THE BURBERRY BRITAIN 04

THIS WATCH HAS A GUN-METAL POLISH AND A GERALD GENTA LANDMARK DESIGN MAKING IT A TIMEPIECE OF INNOVATION AND CLASSIC CRAFTSMANSHIP TO SWOON OVER. Taking design and utilitarian sensibilities along the legacy of the trench coat, Burberry begins a line of watches that is both a fashion brand and an essential luxury timekeeper. This design comes either on power reserve or automatic. Looking opulent and brutish, we wonder how you would look waxing poetic over something so beautiful. (F.T.)



TODD REED JEWELRY 07

ALTHOUGH IT IS NEVER ADVISABLE FOR MEN TO OVER-ACCESSORIZE, A CAREFULLY-CHOSEN AND DISCREET JEWEL CAN STILL SEND AN ABSOLUTE MALE STATEMENT. Todd Reed makes jewelry with rough diamonds and textured elements for men. The designs could only spell brutish minus the Middleearth references. One has to look at the pieces closely to laud its artistry. Surely something quietly precious is worthy of consideration. (F.T.)

THE MACALLAN LIMITED EDITION 06

PERHAPS A FITTING COLLABORATION FOR THE PREMIERE OF A LIMITED EDITION OF A WORLD-RENOWNED SCOTCH WHISKEY IS THE EQUALLY-RENOWNED PHOTOGRAPHER ANNIE LEIBOVITZ. The Macallan released four rare single-cask whiskies in 1,000 limited edition bottles. Each comes with a signed print by Leibovitz. The partnership with Leibovitz is to jumpstart Macallan's Masters of Photography Series, a collaboration of artists and whiskey makers that produced a series of unique visual works. It is quite an exceptional way to own a Leibovitz, if you ask us, paired with no less than your bar staple. (F.T.)





BANG AND OLUFSEN BEOPLAY A9 **08**

FOR THE AUDIOPHILE WITH MONEY TO BURN AND THE LUXURY OF SPACE TO BE IMMERSED IN CRISP MUSIC, THE DANISH CRAFTSMEN AND DESIGNERS OF BANG AND OLUFSEN A CREATED A NEW, UNUSUALLY-SCALED, OBSESSIVELY-MINIMALIST, BUT LAVISHLY-STYLISH SPEAKERS. The floor lamp, or satellite dish-looking addition to their line streams audio from an iPad, and iPhone or an Android device through Wi-Fi or DLNA. Connections are hidden in the back and an app for Smartphones serves as your remote control. Also, one can run fingers on the touch sensitive switches for volume, mute and play, found near the underside rim for easy sound control. (F.T.)



CATALAN ART RUGS **09**

A RUG FOR AN ARTWORK PIECE MAY NOT SPARK CONVERSATION AT FIRST, BUT THIS HAND-SPUN, HAND-DYED, AND HEFTIER-THAN-THE-USUAL RUG, WILL SURELY CHARM GUESTS EVEN BEFORE THEY WILL STEP ON IT.

Nanimarquina, a Barcelona-based rug company, released the Chillida Collection, a line of seven rugs with designs based from the artwork of renowned Catalan artist Eduardo Chillada. These lush works are good enough to hang on walls. (F.T.)



PHOTO SOURCES: www.bang-olufsen.com, www.justluxe.com

SPOTLIGHT



MUSE

T H E
2 N D
L A W

NO RUCKUS INTENDED AS THE BRITISH BAND MUSE INFUSES DUBSTEP ON THE "UNSUSTAINABLE" AND "MADNESS", TRACKS OFF THEIR NEW ALBUM THE 2ND LAW. THE BAND IS BACK AFTER THEIR SIXTH ALBUM "THE RESISTANCE", A SURPRISE INDUCTION OF SYMPHONIES TO EXPERIMENT WITH THEIR ALT-ROCK SOUND. The band is back after their sixth album "The Resistance", a surprise induction of symphonies to experiment with their alt-rock sound. The 2nd Law continues to challenge their alt-rock cred with prog-rock inferences albeit Skrillex-sounding riffs. "Supremacy" styles with sultry provocation like the feel of a James Bond

theme. "Survival" and "Animals" reprises their infamously and emotionally-charged call for a riot. Never mind that Matt Bellamy's voice still strangely resembles Radioheads' Thom Yorke. Muse knows how to build up on a song with witty instrumentation that is theatrically rock. (Raphael Soriano)

ON LOOP



THE HEIST

MACKLEMORE AND RYAN LEWIS

THERE MUST BE MORE THAN ONE REASON FOR CALLING MACKLEMORE AND RYAN LEWIS' ALBUM DOPE WHILE CRITICS ARE STILL STUNNED LAUDING THEM.

It did not take long before their EP "Thrift Shop" tickled everyone's funny bone. Their new album has layers of emotion which is more than the usual hip-hop didactic. They do not hold back on the collaboration either. Neon Cathedral features the pitch-perfect voice of Allen Stone, lending smooth introspection as he balances remorse and persistence with sobriety. The deeply-emotive hook drops on "Same Love", featuring the darkly nostalgic voice of Mary Lambert, an indie artist based in Seattle. The album is as warm and personal as their politics, and that waxes with everyone's belief, making the tracks on The Heist relevant and powerful. (R.S.)



BABEL

MUMFORD AND SONS

MUMFORD AND SONS PROPELLED THEIR MUSIC TO REVERENCE WHEN THEIR DISTINCTLY FOLK STYLE EARMARKED HOW INDIE SHOULD SOUND.

Their full-length debut album *Sigh No More* may have given them mainstream nods but they intend to keep their knack for banjo-plucking and make folk sounds "new". The band waxes heady on twelve tracks of their sophomore album *Babel*, still keeping in with the genuine emotional vocals, harmonies, and pangs of dark themes. "I Will Wait" is catchy and will get your foot tapping, much like "Little Lion Man" on their debut album. "Lover of the Light" and "Hopeless Wanderer" lay down sonic lure of the countryside in an anthem-like gist. Their music is enjoyable and unlike expectations for a sophomore album it does not beg to be mature. They boast of instrumental dexterity, and they get you to stomp your feet to their rhythm. Nothing could be more agreeable from Mumford and Sons as they deliver, at least for now. (R.S.)

TOP PICKS



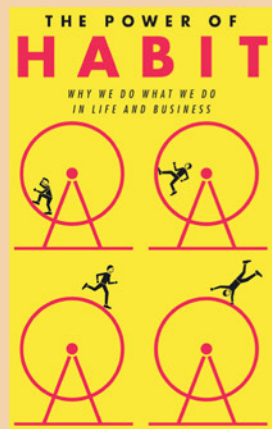
THE ORIGINS OF
SEX
FARAMERZ DABHOIWALA



The Origins of Sex is a bold narrative of how sexual freedom has evolved.

THE ORIGINS OF SEX: A HISTORY OF THE FIRST SEXUAL REVOLUTION
BY FARAMERZ DABHOIWALA

With references going back to the 1600s, Dabhoiwala shows us how we emerged from a medieval sense of sexual conduct and graduated into an era of coital freedom. The book underscores the repression that was evident during the 19th century. It bravely delves on the hefty role that religion played, the relativity of sex to social order and how women are more inclined to be at the receiving end of the metamorphosis of sex as an act. The book is a large scale work of history. Nevertheless it is entertaining and educational, laced with powerful arguments and supported by factual research that provokes and inspires. (R.S.)



Charles Duhigg, an investigative reporter for The New York Times attempts to explain why habits exist and how they can be changed.

THE POWER OF HABIT: WHY WE DO WHAT WE DO IN LIFE AND BUSINESS
BY CHARLES DUHIGG

Armed with ammunition of scientific research, he presents a novel perspective of human nature and its potential transfiguration. Duhigg waxes positive about the practical application of science in habit transformation: that once we come to terms with the fact that habits can change, the power to change them becomes easier to grasp, and an outlook that would leave one with no other option but to work on it. He injects that a clear understanding of habits can also influence group behavior, ensuring the realization of social movements and the positive fortune of profit-making companies. He opens an argument that success is attributable to understanding how habits work and our willingness to embrace new concepts. Tag it as a self-help book, or a fresh take on the science of change, but his work nonetheless eggs one to rethink a way of life. (R.S.)



HOT PICK



JACK REACHER

EXPECT VIOLENCE DELIVERED IN PRECISE, FLUID-LIKE MOVEMENTS FROM TOM CRUISE AS HE TRIES TO LIVE UP TO THE CHARACTER OF JACK REACHER, THE HERO OF THE ONE SHOT OF THE JACK REACHER SERIES.

In the book, the hero is a strapping 6' 5" tall with a 50-inch chest, and weighing between 210 and 250 pounds. Well, what Tom Cruise lacks in physique he compensates with a charisma that may be enough to be draw the audience to a man who exacts justice and vengeance on his enemies.

Jack Reacher is wrongfully accused of being a suspect in a sniper shooting incident and he sets out on a mission to prove his innocence. The twists and turns of the plot moves from brutal prison row scenes to devastating mob violence. One Shot is written by New York Times best-selling author Lee Child, and the film is directed by Christopher McQuarrie (Arianne Olegario)

NEXT ATTRACTIONS



THE LIFE OF PI

A FILM ADAPTATION OF THE BESTSELLER BY BOOKER PRIZE-WINNER, YANN MARTELL.

The Life of Pi is the story of a boy named Pi who explores a journey of spirituality and travails with a tiger named Richard Parker. Bringing to the screen Pi's 227-day survival story on a lifeboat in the middle of the Pacific Ocean after his ship sinks during a voyage to Winnipeg could only be a feat conjured by the brilliant visionary director, Ang Lee. Expect beautiful and stunning visuals from Lee's imagination that only he could conjure and deliver. (A.O.)



LES MISÉRABLES

THIS VICTOR HUGO CLASSIC MAKES A JUMP FROM BOOK TO BROADWAY MUSICAL TO ITS FILM ADAPTATION WITH ALL ITS APPEAL OF A STAR-STUDDED CAST, MUSICAL SCORE AND VISUALS.

The familiar characters of Les Misérables are brought to life by acclaimed Hollywood actors and actresses like Hugh Jackman (Valjean), Russell Crowe (Javert), Anne Hathaway (Fantine) and Amanda Seyfried (Cosette) who endow the movie with more than indispensable acting by singing the familiar songs of the musical with powerful voices that stupefy. (A.O.)

DVD/Blu-Ray



ROCK OF AGES

It's always fun to go back to the '80s. "Rock of Ages," the movie adaptation of the 2006 hit theater production takes us back to the days when band members had prettier hair than the average girl and when it was cool to rock out on a love song.

The film tells the story of aspiring singer Sherrie (Julianne Hough) and songwriter Drew (Diego Boneta) who fall in love while chasing their Hollywood dreams. Set in 1987, their love story is told through the music of the likes of Bon Jovi, Foreigner, REO Speedwagon, and Def Leppard. The movie was not well-received by the critics but it still packs a punch in terms of entertainment value with a cast that includes Alec Baldwin, Russell Brand, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Tom Cruise. Cruise was also praised for his portrayal of rock god Stacie Jaxx, showing the skill and artistry that are usually overshadowed by his off-cam antics. (A.O.)



SAVAGES

If Gossip Girl star Blake Lively was your girl, would you share her with your best friend?

In the movie "Savages," the television and movie star portrays one of her most daring and mature roles to date as a woman in a ménage à trois. Lively is O, the lover of friends Ben (Taylor Kitsch) and Chon (Aaron Johnson). Together, the three have built an empire as developers of the "best marijuana ever." Their quick rise to the top catches the attention of a powerful Mexican cartel led by Elena (Salma Hayek). When the trio refuses to join the cartel, Elena orders the abduction of O. Ben and Chon do whatever it takes to get her back --- like starting a suicide-like war against the cartel. John Travolta and Benicio Del Toro add to the star power of this exciting crime thriller directed by the legendary Oliver Stone. (A.O.)



"Look what's waiting for you under the tree....!"

XLV10



the NOT-SO-FUN Party IN CONGRESS

BY LOUIE BENEDICT IGNACIO



ur Constitution ensures equal representation of all its citizenry by providing elections of representatives either by geographical location or sectoral affiliation in the society. Republic Act 7941 or the Party-List System Act allows private groups, political parties, sectoral groups, and coalitions to run for twenty percent (20%) of seats in the House of Representatives to ensure that the interests of the marginalized sector are well represented in the process of policy making. But how are the marginalized really represented?



BALL AT THE GRAND HALL

The party-list system election is "a mechanism of proportional representation in the election of representatives to the House of Representatives from marginalized or under-represented national, regional and sectoral parties, or organizations or coalitions thereof registered with the Commission on Elections (COMELEC)." The law was made to give a chance for other sectors of society to be represented in Congress that has long been dominated by political parties who have well-placed political machineries. It allows representatives from labor, peasant, fisherfolk, urban poor, indigenous cultural communities, elderly, handicapped, women, youth, veterans, overseas workers, and professionals to organize themselves and form political parties —sectoral or a coalition — to run in the national elections for congressional seats.

THE PARTY ORGANIZERS

For the past two elections, the COMELEC allowed a relatively big number of party-lists to run in spite of criticisms and questions on their decisions on who should run or not. There were, allegedly, some groups who do not represent a marginalized sector. Worse, their representatives, which include millionaires and sons of former presidents, do not even belong to the group.

When the COMELEC streamlined the roster of party-list groups who applied for accreditation to participate in next year's elections, they argued that "we should start doing things straight if we want to go somewhere good." As of November 29, it gave its nod to 79 party-list groups

which includes some of the more veteran and sometimes controversial ones like Gabriela, Anak Pawis and Ang Ladlad, a group representing members of the third sex. It was the most the COMELEC could do in limiting the number of party-list candidates. "It is not a perfect list" according to Chairman Sixto Brillantes, Jr..

The Comelec itself said that the party-list system has "gone out of bounds," because it became a mill for self-serving people who benefitted more from the annual pork-barrel funds than their constituents. The commission would like the party-list system to stay true with its objective of providing equal representation for all. In fact, Brillantes himself once said that, "if it would be up to him, he would want the party-list system be abolished completely" and that we should "just start with a new law that would really provide more and would really ensure proper representation of everyone."

THE PARTY POOPERS

Although some Filipinos agreed and lauded the COMELEC for trimming down the candidate groups, many were not happy with the results, especially those who were excluded (for very obvious reasons). Kontra Daya, a poll-watch group, said that the COMELEC did not properly screen the list because it disqualified a good number of "marginalized" group representatives yet, accredited sixteen groups closely linked to President Benigno Aquino III and former president, Gloria Macapagal Arroyo.

But the controversy over the disqualifications is not yet over. Some of the excluded groups have filed petitions

What good would they be if they are elected to public office to become mere desk sitters in the session halls and grandstand only when the TV cameras are around to show their constituents that they are doing something?

Can the SC interpret and decide which group represents the marginalized sector?

in the Supreme Court questioning the COMELEC's decision. And this only creates more confusion: Can the SC interpret and decide which group represents the marginalized sector?

THE AFTER PARTY

So, how are we, ordinary citizens, affected by this chaos? Let me put it this way: It is a question of leadership and representation. These honorable legislators were elected to represent us. And they should serve our interests. What good would they be if they are elected to public office to become mere desk sitters in the session halls and grandstand only when the TV cameras are around to show their constituents that they are doing something? Some party-list groups have already shown their silly side. Remember that one who filed a congressional bill banning God from government offices?

And, another thing. Every party-list group elected with a (supposedly) noble purpose means a cut in the pork barrel funds to be used for projects. And all of these money came from the taxes that you and I pay everyday for all the services that the government offers and all the things we purchase. It is an issue for everyone because this involves money, OUR money.

It is an issue because it is a system prone to corruption. Will we ever get tired of issues on malversation of funds? Will we ever get tired of issues of corruption? Or we'll just be mediocre and enjoy a not-so-fun party?

Think about it.



WHY THE FORUM MATTERS

First appearing in the US edition's July 1963 issue, PLAYBOY Forum is a section that has always been about openness and interactivity, fostering an impassioned back-and-forth discussion with our readers. From the start, it has served as a colloquium between editors and readers on matters of freedom of speech and sexual rights (for more on this, see the Forum in our December 2008 issue). Today, the Forum serves as the policy nexus for the magazine, touching on a wide range of topics, and as a place to highlight the intersection of the PLAYBOY philosophy (also explored in our December issue) with the nuts and bolts of the world around us. We welcome all who wish to have their opinions on the Forum topic of the month published to send their thoughts to playboy@pbphil.com with the subject "FORUM."



DECEMBER 2012 ISSUE NO. 48

INTERNATIONAL *Woman*





Just got Lucky

WORDS BY JOVEN PURGANAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



**NOT EVERY GUY
REMEMBERS THAT FIRST
TIME THEY BEGAN
SEEING THE FEMALE
OF OUR SPECIES NOT
AS CARRIERS OF
MYTHOLOGICAL BUGS
AS THEIR ELDERS HAD
TOLD THEM,**

but as bodacious deities whose secrets were worth everything that men could offer them. Indeed, the first time a man salutes in honor of an extraordinarily dazzling woman is considered a rite of passage in practically all cultures. Women go through rites of passage, too, dumping dollhouses for lipsticks and stilettos, in preparation for the experience of turning young men into inanimate zombies.



**"I WASN'T SEXY WHEN I
WAS YOUNGER. I WAS THE
ARTSY GOTH GIRL IN THE
CORNER. BUT NOW LOOK
AT ME: I'M A SUCCESSFUL
MODEL AND PLAYMATE.
I FEEL LIKE THE UGLY
DUCKLING THAT HAS
TURNED INTO A SWAN,"**





Amelia Talon was one of the women who successfully went through that phase, and she emerged as a prized jewel. Standing 5'7" and weighing 115 lbs, this 22-year old enchantress can really spellbind you with her 34-24-26 body measurements. Falling to her charms is surrendering to a treat.

Amelia captivates and allures with two surprises. The first surprise is a mild one. She is calm and coolheaded which, probably is a result of her Port Angeles in Washington upbringing. As a kid, she enjoyed hiking in the Olympic Mountains and rafting down the Dungeness River. Easy going and adventurous as she may seem, she reveals that "It wasn't until I was 15 that I started dating and reaching out to people."

The second surprise is that she is a World of Warcraft master and a penetrating Call of Duty zombie destroyer. "Gaming has always been viewed as a boy-nerd thing," she pronounced. "I want to prove that gamers can be both female and cool. I have a Pokemon Poke Ball tattoo on my nape, that's how committed I am," she proudly adds.

While she is game as head-on as she could on video games, Amelia used to be really very introvert and worried a lot about being labeled as a nerd. "I wasn't sexy when I was younger. I was the artsy goth girl in the corner. But now look at me: I'm a successful model and Playmate. I feel like the ugly duckling that has turned into a swan," she beams.

After her high school graduation, it's not a surprise that Amelia thought out to be a game designer, but then sooner displayed enthusiasm in modeling. "I want to continue to create gorgeous pictures and become a 'spokesmodel', one who is a household name," she adds.

There's a lot to learn about the grateful Playmate. When asked about her turn ons: "Guys with a great sense of humor who can lie back with me and enjoy life. I need someone to laugh with," she articulated. However, she respectfully says, "Please don't rain on my parade!" to guys who are self-involved and full of negativity. And oh and one more thing: Amelia has a passion for muscle cars. Her first was a purple 1966 Ford Mustang named Amethyst.

Consider yourselves lucky then, that Amelia Talon decided to go against her grain, deviated from her passion in gaming, and engaged into modeling.







**"I WANT TO PROVE
THAT GAMERS CAN
BE BOTH FEMALE
AND COOL. I HAVE
A POKEMON POKE
BALL TATTOO ON MY
NAPE, THAT'S HOW
COMMITTED I AM,"**



**WHAT DOES ART MEAN TO A NON- ARTIST, NON-ART PATRON,
AND NON-ART CRITIC, OR SIMPLY LIKE THE REST OF US?**

**AS THE CULTURAL CENTER OF THE PHILIPPINES PUSHES TO A THRUST
TO MAKE ART PUBLIC, AND SIMULTANEOUSLY CELEBRATE ROBERTO CHABET'S
50 YEARS OF CONCEPTUAL ART, ANGELO V. SUAREZ THROWS PONDERINGS
TO ALLOW US TO LOOK INTO THE SIGNIFICANCE AND FUTILITY OF ART.**

CURTAINS STILL OPEN:

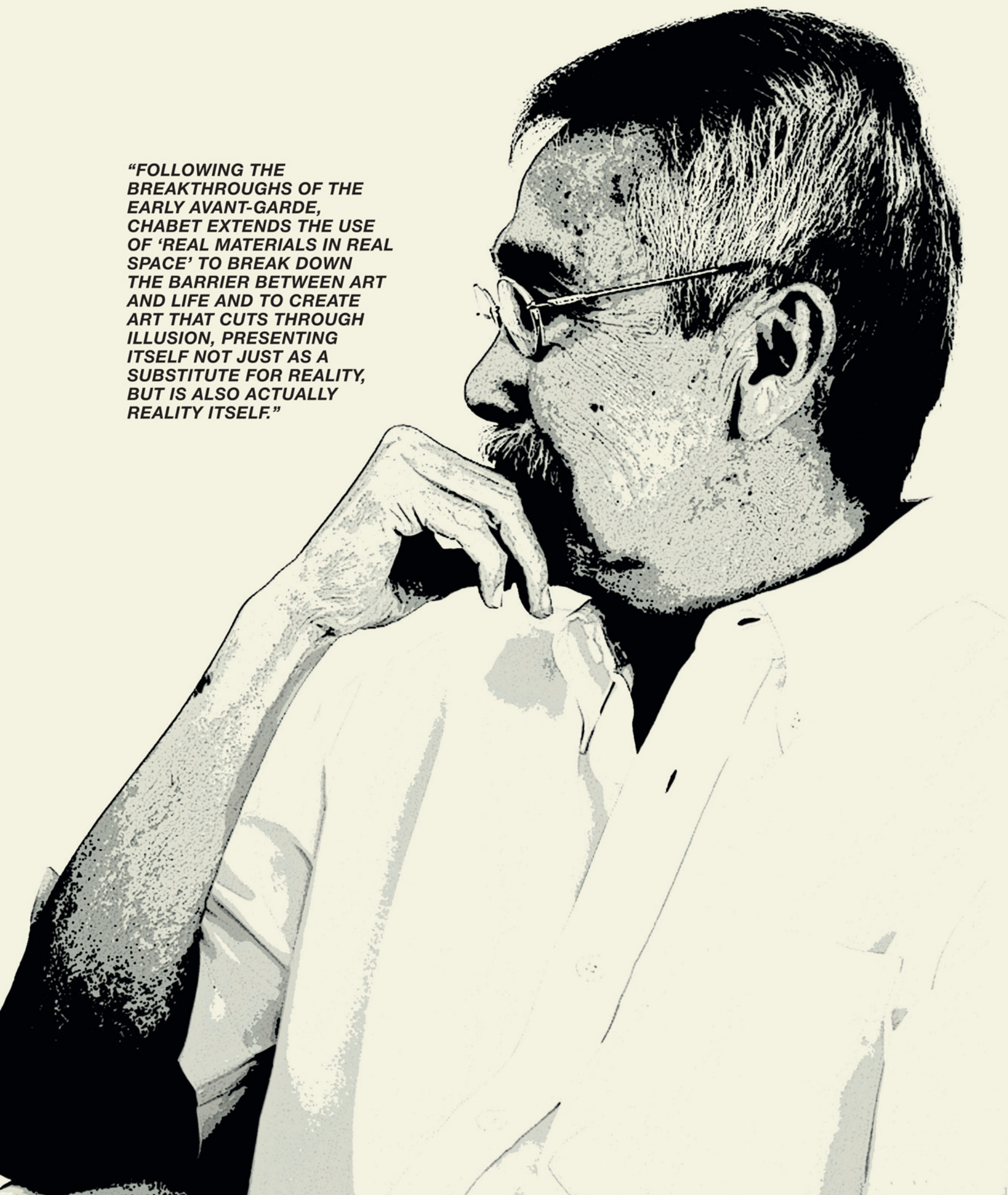
ROBERTO CHABET'S TO BE CONTINUED AT CCP

BY ANGELO V. SUAREZ

There is something very confused and very confusing about *To be Continued at the Cultural Center of the Philippines*. It is described as "a landmark survey of Roberto Chabet's plywood works from 1984 to the present" by curator Ringo Bunoan in her catalogue essay yet what it seems to attempt to present is a very confused and very confusing Chabet who couldn't quite figure out what to do with plywood or any of his other signature materials such as metal sheets, clipboards, and neon. But, considering the laudable visual singularity the so-called Father of Philippine Conceptualism (it should be noted that this is how King Kong Art Projects Unlimited, the group that has put together this survey exhibition which caps the yearlong celebration of Chabet's 50 years of artistic practice, explicitly positions Chabet as such in their website) has come to be associated with; this confusion may be more a function of the exhibition's curation by Bunoan & Nilo Ilarde than of the works themselves.

YET TO SEGREGATE THE WORK FROM ITS CURATION IS A PRIMARY SIN for any engagement with conceptual practice which curation – as a system of arranging objects and concepts toward visibility – itself constitutes, either directly or obliquely. For this reason, Chabet ought to be equally accountable for the curatorial inconsistency of pointing out that "[plywood] has become not only the surface and support of his paintings and installations, but to a large extent their subject matter and content" when the installations are littered not only with other objects such as school desks (from the work "Day and Night," arguably the worst piece in *To be Continued* despite its arresting imagery — imagery that nevertheless gets overtaken not only by the terrible lighting, but also by the massive staircase before it, the patterned wall behind it, and the massive painting above it)—but also curatorial intrusions that describe these desks as "allegoriz[ing] flagellant hours and wanting to be somewhere else," enforcing readings that betray any previous claims of

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BUT IS ALSO ACTUALLY
REALITY ITSELF."**



radical self-referentiality. How does one make sense, for example, of a cane (another of Chabet's signature images) superimposed with a cane-shaped neon light — a component of the work titled "Observatory 1" — that, according to the notes tacked on the wall, "relates to the Big Dipper," conjuring the idea of a journey, navigation, and "a blind search for the North Star" amidst its backdrop of clipboards bearing names of stars in Braille—all within a framework that purports his work privileges art "as the real it is alluding to" instead of "as a sign for something else"?

THE ESSAY GOES: "Following the breakthroughs of the early avant-garde, Chabet extends the use of 'real materials in real space' to break down the barrier between art and life and to create art that cuts through illusion, presenting itself not just as a substitute for reality, but is also actually reality itself." Much as one itches to believe this claim, the above mentioned hermeneutic excess—from school desks that supposedly bear the semiotic weight of "wanting to be elsewhere" and neon lights that stand in for celestial objects that themselves are fraught with symbolic meaning—renders this claim not only unbelievable, but an outright lie. Which is a shame, considering that Chabet's "Cargo and Decoy" (an exquisite gathering of plywood boards, their surfaces painted a particular shade of blue, each split in the middle and supported at each end by sawhorses so that it forms a V, all of them scattered across a given space but close enough to each other to give an impression of crowdedness) operates precisely out of an impulse to engage the disparity between the notion of an art object as a representation of nothing more than itself and the notion of an art object as a representation of something other than itself—a properly self-reflexive conceptualist impulse.

HOW UNFORTUNATE that this significant work has had to join the rest of the clutter at the Main Gallery where various works of his are also installed in damning proximity to each other, each work drowning in a sea of assemblages visually crashing against each other and losing what singularity of vision they must have originally had ("Cargo and Decoy," for



"Little Theater Curtain 1971"

example, had recently been installed at Mo space where it occupied the entirety of the gallery without having to share it with any other work), the room inadvertently framing the myriad small-scale exhibitions in it as if they were a single assemblage. While this sort of visual continuity may have been part of the intent of this mash-up, this is a point that remains unarticulated in the exhibition notes.

IT IS THIS SINGULARITY THAT IS MISSING from the other works as presented that "Bakawan" becomes refreshing—never mind for a brief while that this



"Russian Painting 1 1984 and 2010"

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE SHOW'S LITTER OF CURATORIAL INACCURACIES IS THE PRESENTATION OF "RUSSIAN PAINTINGS" AS A WORK THAT IS "ARRANGED IN A MODULAR MANNER."

particular installation—along with "China Collages" and "Apple Painting Lesson"—should have been kept out of this show by virtue of the fact that plywood doesn't figure into it. Plywood should have been the primary conceit that accommodates the works in this exhibition no matter how disparate as the opening sentence of Bunoan's essay states. It is sad, however, that references to Chabet's "Bakawan" have been made in order to dispel charges against him that he is 'too Western,' all-too-conveniently citing 'local color' as an index to his being Filipino, as if making *pei pa koa* the subject of a

sentence in English made one Chinese.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE SHOW'S LITTER of curatorial inaccuracies is the presentation of "Russian Paintings" as a work that is "arranged in a modular manner." Where is the module in a series of assemblages whose only commonality is their use of plywood backdrops—on which wooden panels or shelves are attached with metal brackets—as their wall-bound base material? Even remotely referring to this work as modular is a slap in the face of conceptual art in general, whose history teems with iterations of the module as both procedural constraint to and subject of art production, and into whose history—one should speculate—the curators seem to want to insert Chabet, either as a tribute or as grounding for subsequent work not only by Chabet himself but, more importantly, by younger artists such as Ilarde and Bunoan who follow—even more faithfully than Chabet does—a conceptualist trajectory. That his insertion into the history of conceptual art serves as a plinth for the careers of those who align themselves with conceptualism is perhaps the foremost insight one must take away with him/her after experiencing this show. And the works that make this explicit, like "Apple Painting



"Cargo and Decoy 1989 and 2010"



Lesson", which finds Chabet not so much collaborating with other artists as imposing on them a set of constraints for painting an apple which they may or may not follow; plus, the more interesting "To Be Continued" where his former students are tasked with submitting monochromatically painted plywood panels (as per his instruction) with their individual mix of the three primary colors—deserve a more thorough, more adventurous, and more insightful reading into how Chabet's influence as a pedagogue continues to play a role in contemporary Philippine art production & its circulation in the local art market than Bunoan's.

BUT IF THERE IS ONE WORK in this exhibition that clearly positions Chabet as the Father of Philippine Conceptual Art better than the ones that play up his role as pedagogue, it would be the label outside CCP's Little Theater that marks the tapestry inside the theater as Chabet's work titled "Little Theater Curtain." In no other work in this exhibition does curation qua work operate more palpably. When one

A CURTAIN, AFTER ALL, IS MEANT FOR HIDING—AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO SHOW A CURTAIN THAN BY HIDING IT, AND WHAT BETTER OBJECT TO MATERIALIZE THE CONCEPTUALIST TROPE OF DEMATERIALIZATION THAN THE CURTAIN.



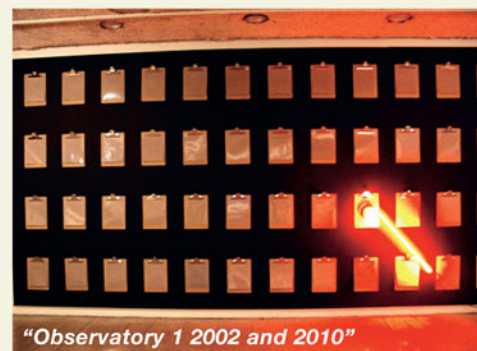
"To Be Continued 2011"

enters the theater—that is, if the doors are not locked—one will not necessarily see the tapestry, which when necessary is drawn up & invisible anyway to make way for any preparations going on onstage for upcoming performances. In fact, it is when one enters the theater to find nothing (or, alternatively, when one decides there is no need to even enter the theater to find it) that one

PHOTO SOURCES: www.ccp-visualarts.tumblr.com, www.culturalcenterphilis.tumblr.com



"Apple Painting Lesson 1982"



"Observatory 1 2002 and 2010"

completes "Little Theater Curtain," the work having been effectively constructed by sheer textual reference to it—as when Robert Barry constructs his infamous 1971 work only by referencing "something which is very near in place and time, but not yet known to me"—, reduced to nothing more than, as Joseph Kosuth would put it, an analytic proposition. A curtain, after all, is meant for hiding—and what better way to show a curtain than by hiding it, and what better object to materialize the conceptualist trope of dematerialization than the curtain. 📌

THE PLAYMATE AS POP ART

BY DAVE HICKEY

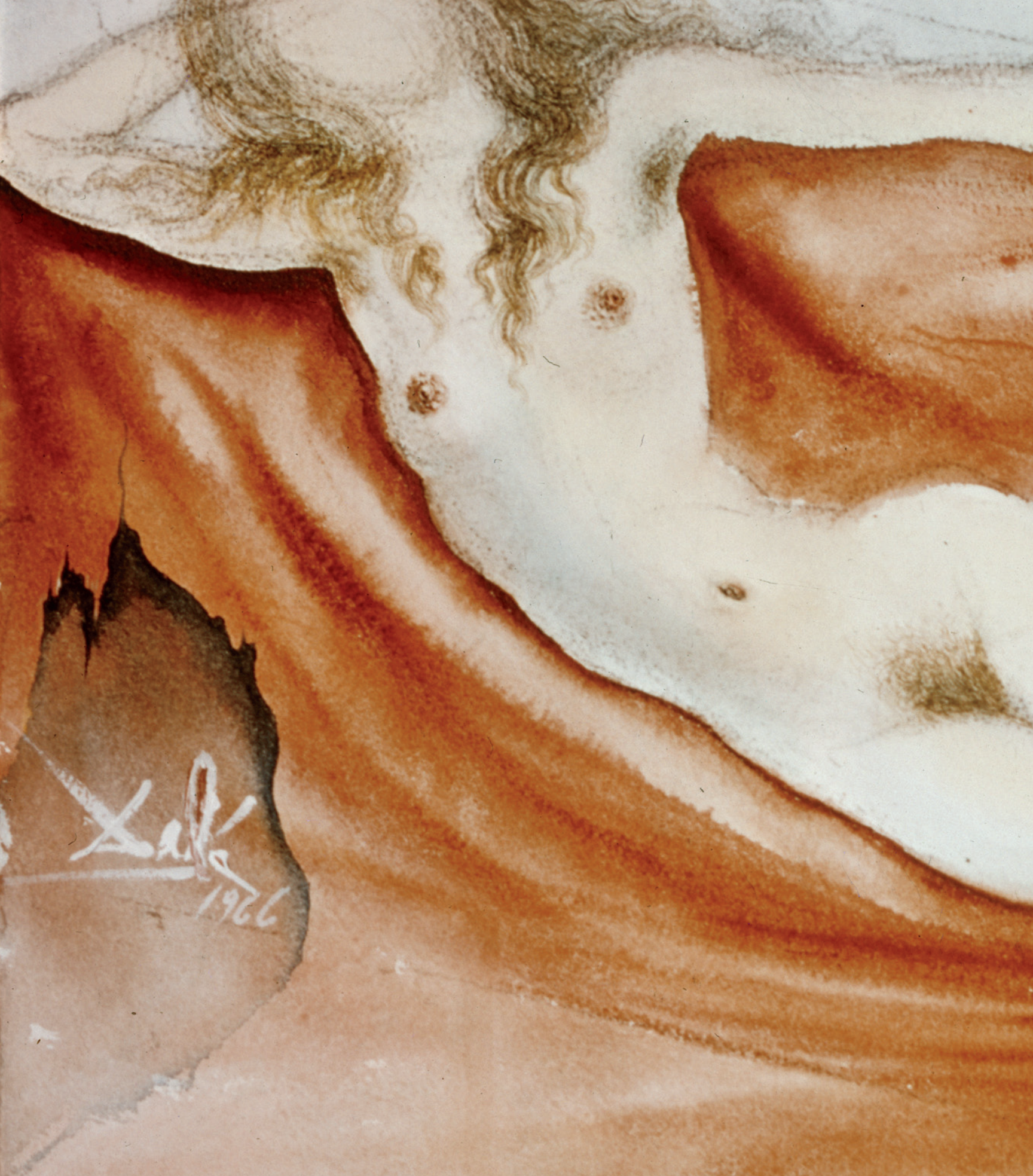
**FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, PLAYBOY ASKED 11 ARTISTS
TO INTERPRET THE CENTERFOLD. WE REVISIT THEIR
WORK TO DETERMINE HOW TASTES HAVE CHANGED**

In the middle of the 1960s, Hugh Hefner began collecting fine art in the “Playmate mode,” of which there was no shortage at the time, since the odalisque, in full or in part, was making its debut on the American art scene. Hitherto everything had been pretty much splashed paint, but now things were changing. Hefner bought the work of senior provocateur Salvador Dalí and old-school troublemaker Larry Rivers. He also acquired younger pop art stars including Andy Warhol, George Segal, James Rosenquist and Tom Wesselmann. Hefner himself, of course, was not totally innocent in this resurgence. He had sexualized the suburbs, and now these artists were sexualizing “pure art” SoHo in a perverse and polymorphous manner appropriate to the underground context.



LARRY RIVERS (1923-2002)

LARRY RIVERS—WHO, LIKE THE WRITER TERRY SOUTHERN, WAS HALF A GENERATION AHEAD OF HIS TIME—TOOK HIS COMMISSION SERIOUSLY AND MADE A LIVELY ICON OF PLAYMATERY, ON WHICH HE DECLINED TO COMMENT. RIVERS'S GREAT VIRTUE AND VICE THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER WAS HIS OWN FACILITY. HE COULD DO ANYTHING—QUICK AND DIRTY TO A HIGH FINISH. IN THE CASE OF THIS PLAYMATE SCULPTURE, HIS FACILITY PAYS OFF. GOOD BUNNY!



SALVADOR DALÍ (1904-1989)

SALVADOR DALÍ, THAT NAUGHTY OLD MAN, PAID HOMAGE TO THE PLAYMATE BY LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER AND CREATING A BELLE-EPOQUE ODALISQUE COMPLETE WITH TINY BREASTS AND FLOUNCY TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY FLOURISHES. EXCEPT FOR THE NUDITY, NOTHING COULD BE LESS

PLAYMATE. THIS MANEUVER, I ASSUME, WAS THE ARTIST'S PECULIAR WAY OF HONORING PLAYBOY WHILE IMPLYING THAT HE WAS THERE FIRST, THAT HE WAS THE QUINTESSENTIAL PLAYBOY *AVANT LA LETTRE*, AND DON'T YOU EVER FORGET IT.



So Hef had his influence. It took PLAYBOY's Playmates to remind Wesselmann that the previous three centuries of American art had been amazingly chaste—there had been no "fine art" nudity of consequence. There was an occasional official icon of Justice or Liberty and Thomas Eakins's painting *The Swimming Hole* (1885), which portrays luscious naked boys cavorting around the water, and that was it. Early on, it

seemed, American artists had opted for painting real estate rather than pulchritude, and having detected this deficit, Wesselmann proceeded to paint hundreds of ironically titled "Great American Nudes," most of which he sold in Europe, where the market for naked babes was strong. Hefner and Wesselmann differed in their intentions, of course. Hef's point was that the girl next door was sexy; Wesselmann's was that





ANDY WARHOL (1928-1987)

ANDY WARHOL'S VERSION OF ART PAUL'S RABBIT IS CLASSIC WARHOL: JUST ART PAUL'S RABBIT ON A RED BACKGROUND (ABOVE). AS ALWAYS IN WARHOL'S ART, THERE IS A LOT MORE DEATH THAN HETEROSEXUALITY. HIS BLACK-LIGHT PLAYMATE BOOBIES (TOP), IN FACT, MUST QUALIFY AS THE MOST DISINTERESTED DEPICTION OF WOMEN'S BREASTS IN THE HISTORY OF CONTEMPORARY ART. WARHOL LIKED WOMEN, JUST NOT THOSE JIGGLY THINGS.

painting itself was sexy. The response of their detractors remained fairly uniform.

In January 1967, for the 13th-anniversary issue of *PLAYBOY*, Hefner included examples from his collection in an article titled *The Playmate as Fine Art*. As one reads through that magazine today, one's first impression is how seamlessly these artists fit into the population of the issue's other writers and illustrators. There are contributions by Lenny Bruce, Allen Ginsberg, Ray Bradbury, Harvey Cox, Isaac -Bashevis Singer, Julian Huxley, P.G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, H. -Allen Smith and Jules Feiffer. There is also an interview with Fidel Castro. It would be fair to say that this issue of *PLAYBOY* took a pretty fat cut out of America's reading appetite at the time: writing about freedom, shopping, gambling, sex and the outrageous lack thereof in certain quarters. This high-low harmony reminds me of a morning in the 1980s when I received a book about John Milton. Milton is no minor poet, and his contribution to vernacular English is astounding. That academic

JAMES ROSENQUIST (B.1933)

JIM ROSENQUIST'S PLAYMATE PAINTING CAN BE READ AS A LITTLE STORY FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. ONE TURNS THE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE INTO AN EQUALLY DELICIOUS WELL-BREADED FEMALE TORSO THAT MAKES ONE'S PICKLE GLISTEN. THE WIRE BASKET, I ASSUME, IS WHERE THE BAD PHOTOS WERE TOSSED IN THE PROCESS OF THIS TRANSFORMATION. IT AIN'T ROCKET SCIENCE. IT'S NOT EVEN HARD READING, BUT IT'S FIRST-CLASS ROSENQUIST QUIRKY.



text, however, argued that (*Paradise Lost* notwithstanding) Milton was a very bad and thoughtless husband. I gave the book to my wife to remind her that I was, at least, a better husband than John Milton. That afternoon, at the supermarket, I saw a *National Enquirer* exposé about Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson that argued, with "visual evidence," that (*Smokey and the Bandit* notwithstanding) Burt Reynolds was a very bad and thoughtless husband to poor Loni Anderson. At this point it occurred to me that America, from top to bottom, is always more temperamentally in tune with itself than we imagine.

Here's a short list: After the war, heroes like Dwight

Eisenhower and Jackson Pollock, along with other artists like Thomas Hart Benton, Norman Rockwell and Ben Shahn, celebrated one brand of domestic heroism or another. On the dark side, Robert Mitchum and the Hells Angels stood pretty much alone. Then, as the media stylized American life, there were superheroes like Jack Kennedy and Neil Armstrong, and cool movers like Hef and Andy. Then, following them, as we lost a war, we had ominous antiheroes like Dick Nixon, Imelda Marcos and Keith Richards, and we got scared. Cars went from dangerous and splendid to safe and ugly. Oppressive patriarchy was rampant. Bad white guys abounded. Bad husbands like John



Milton and Burt Reynolds were excoriated, and all my friends died of AIDS. Today the bad guys are congressmen, senators and bankers. The blood panic over the AIDS plague has segued into a teenage blood panic over svelte vampires.

Even today, it seems, these rhyming moments of good guys and bad guys, love and hate, optimism and dread, are still pretty much pervasive. They suggest that steady emotional tides and fashions drive American culture, and that they still exist. Unfortunately, the middle has disappeared, and the points at which the extreme left overlaps with the extreme right are casually suppressed by niche marketing and internet cabals.

So PLAYBOY of the 1960s and 1970s was, I think, the last magazine that, like *The Saturday Evening Post*, tried to please everyone. It did so under the legendary aegis of Hefner and his consigliere, Art Paul, the art director of PLAYBOY for its first 30 years and the man who designed the PLAYBOY Rabbit, which Warhol later mimicked in a painting. Paul rejected any distinction between high art and low art, between high design and low design. He was celebrated by *Print* magazine as the father of the "Illustration Liberation Movement" and served as a trustee of Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. As a matter of principle, Paul would seek out anyone from Saul



GEORGE SEGAL (1924-2000)

GEORGE SEGAL WAS AN OLD SOFTY. HE MADE PLASTER-CAST SCULPTURES OF WORKING PEOPLE, SO HIS PLAYMATE IS A WORKING MODEL, TIRED AND RESTING IN A CHAIR BETWEEN TAKES. SINCE THE PLASTER CAST ADDS 30 POUNDS AND THE CAMERA ADDS ANOTHER 30, SEGAL'S PLAYMATE LOOKS A BIT CHUBBY IN PHOTOGRAPHS (SHE'S ENCEINTE, ACTUALLY). SHE IS BEST SEEN IN PERSON, WHERE THE PLASTER IS EVIDENT AND THE MODEL'S EXHAUSTION PALPABLE. OF ALL THE WORKS IN THE PLAYMATE SUITE, SEGAL'S HAS THE BIGGEST HEART.



JOHN CURRIN

IN THE 1980S, AS THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF PLAYBOY'S OIL-PAINT ILLUSTRATIONS PASSED OUT OF KITSCH-LAND AND INTO "HISTORICAL POPULAR CULTURE," IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT YOUNG ARTISTS WOULD PICK UP ON THIS NEWLY TRADITIONAL WAY OF PAINTING. JOHN CURRIN (ABOVE) AND LISA YUSKAVAGE DO THE BEST JOB OF IT, TRANSFORMING THE TRADITIONAL PLAYBOY ILLUSTRATION STYLE OF MARTIN HOFFMAN INTO HIGH ART IMAGES THAT ARE AT ONCE SEXY AND DRENCHED IN NOSTALGIA FOR A MORE PERMISSIVE TIME.

Bass to Robert Rauschenberg to do anything. While *Mad Men* hucksters were running the fine art business, Paul, a Bauhaus advocate and student of Moholy-Nagy, was designing a racy magazine, and there couldn't have been a more benign opportunity. My favorite Art Paul design fiat was to print a photo spread of a nude Anita Ekberg on matte paper, to give it that "fine art" flavor—the perfect middle option. On his deathbed, the actor David

Garrick purportedly remarked to a friend, "Dying is easy; comedy is hard." To this I would add that, in publishing, the edges are easy; the middle is damned hard.

As proof it can be done, one should consider the cultural impact of that 1967 issue's contributors. Did Ray Bradbury have more influence on *Star Trek* or on Raymond Carver and Thomas Pynchon? Did Warhol have more influence on the future of fine art or on the windows along Madison

Avenue and the couture they display? Did Lenny Bruce have more influence on Richard Pryor or on the chocolate-smearing Karen Finley and a million other performance artists? Did Allen Ginsberg have more influence as a Beat poet or as a flagrant prophet of gay liberation? Did Jules Feiffer have more influence on the "new comics" or on the snarky banter of haut bourgeois Manhattan? My point is that there was a middle then, and Hef and Paul

nailed it. America was like a jelly doughnut—crispy on the outside, sexy jelly on the inside.

It's hard to deny that most Americans woke up one morning in the early 1950s exhausted with the vestigial heroism of World War II. They were feeling very horny and a little bit guilty about it, as well they should have. Warhol noted that his silk-screened Playmate breasts could be seen only under black light "to keep the cops away," which was no joke in Warhol's day, especially if you were a swish homosexual. In any case, the bond between Hefner and the pop artists is tighter and more symbiotic than one might expect. In Hefner's eyes Dalí must have represented the gifted imposter he himself aspired to be and—ultimately became. Larry Rivers was a jazz pal. Hef and the younger popsters invented and shared a zeitgeist—and, if one believes the gossip, an obsession with work, sex, freedom, jazz, glamour and amphetamines. There was so much work to do, so many beautiful girls and boys to boink, so much cool furniture to arrange in one's penthouse and so little time—an attitude to which I attribute the longevity and enormous productivity of these exotic creatures high and low. They all kicked butt.

None of this, however, takes Hefner's covert agenda into account or acknowledges the fact that Hefner, from the -beginning, set out to civilize himself and in the process civilized America's youth. He encouraged foreplay before the assault. He offered tips on upgrading one's bachelor pad. West Coast pop artist Edward Ruscha credits Hefner with introducing him to Knoll and Eames and the design stars of that generation. A friend of mine who is a professor at an Ivy League college credits Hefner with moderating the sexual combat of late adolescence. "They still hit on you," she said, "but first there would be dinner, wine and jazz." Today I regard these

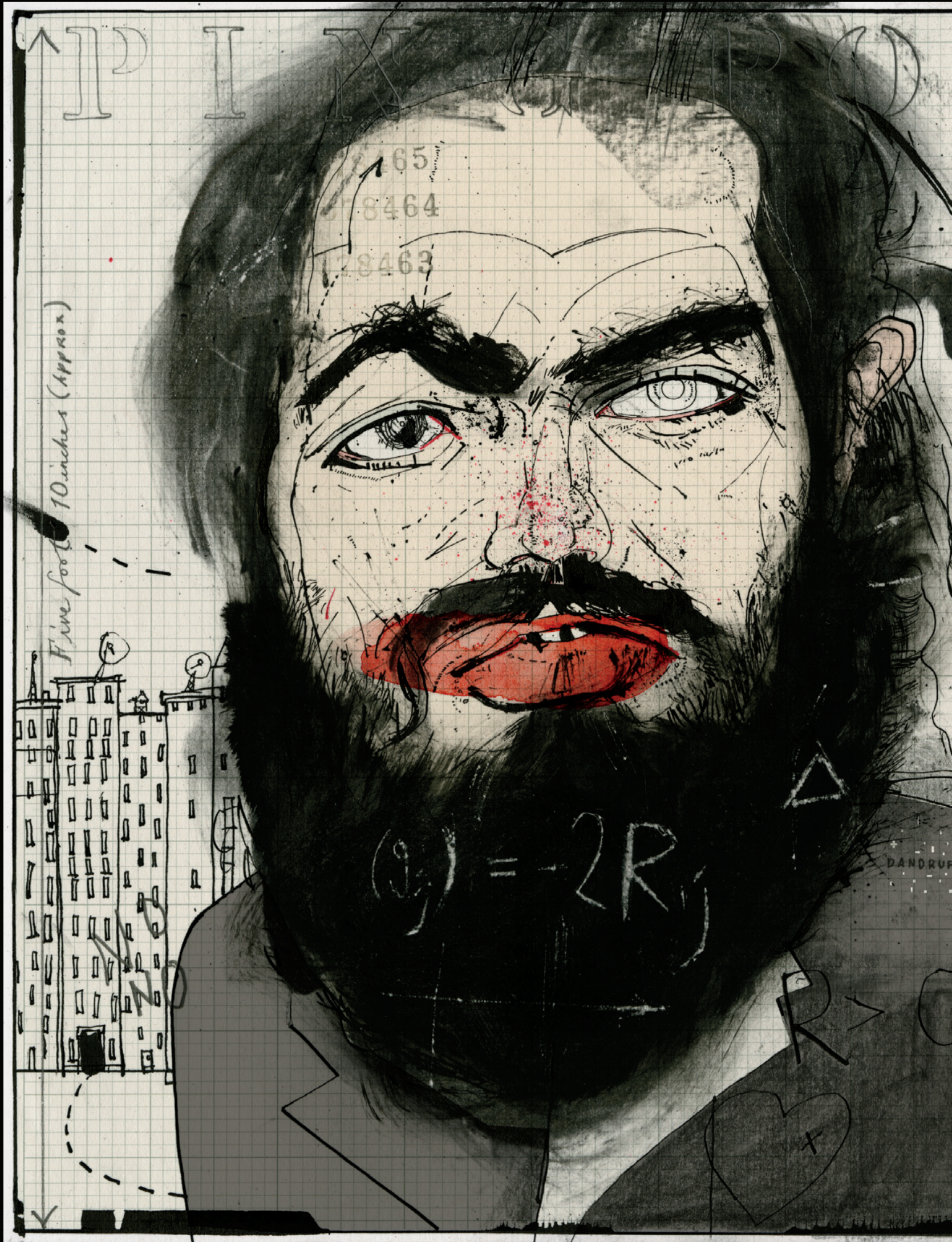


pop artists as the bastard children of Hef's agenda and Art Paul's education, still hipsters but further out there, one took over the line. Without Hefner and Paul, however, it's unlikely such foolishness would have flourished or that pop art would

have been so embraced. Somehow, in the tides of culture, as Hefner was moving up and the popsters moving down, they met in the middle. They deserve one another in the best possible way.



"I wish you'd sculpt something from your imagination once in a while!"





GRIGORI PERELMAN IS ONE OF THE GREATEST MATHEMATICIANS OF OUR TIME, A RUSSIAN GENIUS WHO SOLVED THE POINCARÉ CONJECTURE, WHICH PLAGUED THE BRIGHTEST MINDS FOR A CENTURY. AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME, HE REFUSED A MILLION-DOLLAR AWARD FOR HIS WORK. THEN HE DISAPPEARED. OUR WRITER HUNTS HIM DOWN ON THE STREETS OF ST. PETERSBURG

Shattered GENIUS

by: Brett Forrest

I had never been on a stakeout, but I knew how it was done. I took a book. I brought a few sandwiches. I flipped on the radio and listened to the traffic report in Russian. That kept me awake as I waited for the mathematician.

I'd first heard of Grigori Perelman about nine years ago as news of his achievement leaked beyond the international mathematics community into popular headlines. Word was that someone had solved an unsolvable math problem. The Poincaré conjecture concerns three-dimensional spheres, and it has broad implications for spatial relations and quantum physics, even helping to explain the shape of the universe. For nearly 100 years the conjecture had confused the sharpest minds in math, many of whom claimed to have proven it, only to have their work discarded upon scrutiny. The problem had broken spirits, wasted lives. By the time Perelman defeated the conjecture, after many years of concentrated exertion, the Poincaré had affected him so profoundly that he appeared broken too.

Perelman, now 46, had a certain flair. When he completed his proof, over a number of months in 2002 and 2003, he did not publish his findings in a peer-reviewed journal, as protocol would suggest. Nor did he vet his conclusions with the mathematicians he knew in Russia, Europe and the U.S. He simply posted his solution online in three parts—the first was named “The Entropy Formula for the Ricci Flow and Its Geometric Applications”—and then e-mailed an abstract to several former associates, many of whom he had not contacted in nearly a decade.

I liked his style. The more he did, the more I liked. In 2006 Perelman became the first person to turn down the Fields Medal, the top award in mathematics (there is no Nobel Prize in math). He has declined professorships at Princeton, Berkeley and Columbia. In 2010, when the Clay Mathematics Institute in Cambridge, Massachusetts awarded him a \$1 million prize for proving the Poincaré conjecture, Perelman refused it. Unemployed these past seven years, he lives with his mother in a former communal apartment in St. Petersburg, the two subsisting on her monthly pension

of \$160. “I have all that I need,” Perelman has told his concerned Russian math colleagues, with whom he has severed all but the most perfunctory telephone relations.

Perelman last gave an interview six years ago, shortly after a collective of Ph.D.s finished a three-year confirmation of his proof. Since then, the domestic and international press have harassed him into reclusion. Perelman has spurned all media requests, muttering tersely through his apartment door against a wave of journalists. “I don’t want to be on display like an animal in a zoo,” he told one reporter. “My activity and my persona have no interest for society.” When one journalist reached him by phone, Perelman told him, “You are disturbing me. I am picking mushrooms.”

While Russian society has largely passed judgment on Perelman—misanthrope, wacko—I admired him for his renunciation of the modern world’s expectations, his devotion to labor, his results. He had not solicited fame or reward in proving the Poincaré, so why should he be required to react to public notice? His will was free, his results pure, and therein lay his glory.

There was more than one path to glory, I reasoned, and some glory might be found were I to solve this riddle. Perelman was the riddle, speaking through mathematics, the complex language of his Poincaré proof incomprehensible to all but a few hundred mathematicians. For the rest of us, eager to grasp the meaning of exceptional behavior, there was only silence. With slight hope, I booked my ticket to St. Petersburg.

In advance of my trip I phoned Sergei Kislyakov, director of St. Petersburg’s Steklov Institute of Mathematics, where Perelman had worked as a researcher. In late 2005, two years after his Poincaré proof had made him the biggest name in his field, Perelman handed Kislyakov his resignation, stating that he had been “disappointed” in math. He was abandoning math altogether, he said.

Kislyakov knew how obstinate Perelman could be. When I explained that I planned to speak with Perelman, Kislyakov interrupted me. “I discourage

Illustration by: David Hughes

**" HOW DID YOU FIND OUT THE ADDRESS?" PERELMAN
ASKED ME. " I HAVE A CONNECTION WITH THE
POLICE," I SAID. HIS EYES WENT WIDE. "THE POLICE?"**

you from coming here," he said. "Perelman talks to no one, but he particularly hates journalists."

"My editor has told me to go," I explained.

Kislyakov sighed. "Then I guess you must."

It was spring. St. Petersburg was preparing for the Victory Day parade. Tanks lined the central canals. Banners crested the streets. In Kupchino, the southernmost stop on the blue Metro line, far from the palaces that give Petersburgers their proud self-possession, it looked like any other new day. The red-and-white trolleys coursed up the grassy center lanes of the avenues. People strolled in the courtyards that connected the battered housing projects. Russian prime minister Dmitry Medvedev had grown up in Kupchino, but this neighborhood was so removed from fame and influence that it made a perfect home for someone who preferred to escape all notice.

In my search for Perelman I thought I might rent an apartment, find one with a good view of his building's entrance. A real estate agent walked me all over the neighborhood. "Isn't there a well-known scientist around here?" I ventured casually.

"He lives somewhere on this street," said the broker.

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Seen him?" he said with a laugh. "Sure, I've seen him. Like I've seen Putin—on TV." The guy showed me one dump after another.

To get around, I rented a Hyundai, all that was available at the leasing agency downtown. I parked outside Perelman's building. A dozen stories high, made of unadorned concrete panels in the dull Brezhnev style, the structure covered half the block. A handful of people gathered in front of the brown steel door to Perelman's stairwell, smoking, passing around a morning beer. In this place it appeared there was little rush to achievement.

On a previous day I had met one of Perelman's neighbors, a teacher at a local school. She said that she and others in their building joked about pleading with Perelman to accept the \$1 million prize on their behalf. I couldn't tell which was the source of greater amusement to her, the idea that Perelman would accept the million or the idea that he would engage her in conversation. Perelman mixed with no one, she said, refusing even to ride the elevator unless he was the only one in it.

And with whom would he mix? The people I saw were roughly drawn, the elderly leaning on spindly wooden

canes, the teenagers darting between the kiosks, wasting the day. An androgynous bum with dirty blonde hair nosed around the garbage. An old lady in a coarse gown looked at me through the windshield, then spat.

Ragged as these surroundings were, Perelman exceeded them. As a younger man, he had been handsome, with soft, dark features. But recent pictures—taken with a cell phone camera in a subway car and then transmitted across the web—projected a different image. Perelman's clothes were dirty and rumpled, his black beard mangy. Ringing the bald crown of his head was a nest of hair that stood on end. He looked disturbed as he gazed out from under thick eyebrows, chewing a nail. How would he react when I approached him?

My mark did not appear that first day, and I cautioned myself to have the patience of Perelman. He had spent seven years proving the Poincaré conjecture, seven years displaying the sort of patience that is well beyond most people. The editors of one Russian tabloid ran out of patience tracking him. When they sent a reporter to Kupchino, the reporter got nothing. A female clerk said she had once exchanged a few words with Perelman. The next morning the headline read, *THE SECRET LOVE OF GRIGORI PERELMAN*.

When I met Sergei Rukshin, Perelman's closest friend, I realized that my respected counterparts in the Russian press had complicated my task. "Nice to meet you," I said when I arrived at Rukshin's office in a St. Petersburg high school. He replied, "We'll see if it will be nice or not." But like a rusty faucet, once turned, Rukshin gushed, speaking about Perelman for more than four hours.

It was Rukshin, serving as the instructor of a specialized Leningrad math club, who recognized Perelman's talent in 1976. It was Rukshin, along with other supporters in academe, who piloted Perelman through the anti-Semitic Soviet policies that nearly prevented the young Jewish genius from obtaining an education commensurate with his mind. And it is Rukshin who now grieves over the condition of this favored pupil: "He lives in a blockade."

Day two of my stakeout. A truck pulled up and parked, obstructing my view of the entrance to Perelman's wing of the building. As I opened the door of my car, a few guys with fresh cuts on their faces straggled by carrying a 10 A.M. bottle, looking for something to do. I stayed where I was, grazing on chips, and kept my eyes on either side of the truck, where I could still see people passing by. A

man in an ink-black coat appeared in front of my car. He waved his hands at me wildly, yelling, "No, no." Then he turned away. I couldn't figure out what that meant, except to say that the locals were beginning to notice me. The potential for violence mounted hourly.

There wasn't much I could do about that, and I thought instead about Perelman's evolution. Rukshin told me that as a child Perelman had interacted with other students, that he had not been antisocial. Besides math, he enjoyed Ping-Pong and the opera. According to Rukshin and others who have known him since adolescence, Perelman is heterosexual, but as Rukshin noted, "If Grisha ever looked on anything with loving eyes, it was on the blackboard." No friend can recall the name of a girlfriend. Shortly after Perelman earned his Ph.D., the Soviet Union collapsed. He left for the U.S., where he performed postdoctoral research at NYU, Berkeley and the State University of New York at Stony Brook. He was out in the world, interacting with contemporaries. He was doing things.

Yet he was already turning inward. When the top mathematicians in Russia were earning roughly \$100 a month in salary, Perelman was exposed to a Western world of tenured professors, academic grants and funded research labs—the business side of academe. "It's possible to sell a theorem and it's possible to buy it," he told Rukshin when he returned to Russia, disenchanted, in 1995. "Even if you don't have anything to do with it."

Perelman had already begun his work on the Poincaré conjecture, a theorem expounded in 1904 by Henri Poincaré, a French polymath and the founder of topology, the mathematical study of abstract shape. Because the problem had a history of false proofs, Perelman told no one about his work lest he be discouraged. He was also wary that unsolicited input would cloud his mind. "For Grisha, it was complete self-restriction," Nikolai Mnyov, a friend and former colleague of Perelman's, told me.

Had I such industry, my life might have carried me to a position loftier than the seat of a Hyundai on St. Petersburg's provincial fringe, waiting for someone who would be displeased to see me, should he appear at all. The hours passed. I bit into a sandwich, bundled my windbreaker and used it as a pillow.

Who was I to complain? Perelman had truly suffered, acutely. He withstood a claim—since refuted—on his Poincaré proof from a rival Chinese mathematician. He turned down the Fields Medal, believing that acceptance would be, as Rukshin explained, fundamentally dishonest.

Perelman once rebuffed a TV crew from Russia's Channel One when they barged through his apartment door, pushing aside his mother. He withstood the procrastination of the Clay Mathematics Institute, which took its sweet time—five years—to offer him the \$1 million it had committed to the person who solved the Poincaré. "Grisha is tortured by the imperfection of humanity," Rukshin said.

All this was going through my mind when, suddenly, Perelman appeared. Over a field of parked cars, his wild hair bounced along as he walked away from me on the path by his door. I had to chase after him. I opened the car door. When I looked up from the handle, relocating my mark, I saw that it was not Perelman. It was simply a man with wild hair, fleeing the pleas of the androgynous bum.

It was day three of the stakeout, and still no sign of Perelman. I was secretly relieved, since I had no idea what to ask him. I'm not much of an interviewer. I approach my subjects as if we were in a bar, chatting over a beer. A standard swindle but enjoyable, if I'm not mistaken. People like talking about themselves. You just have to give them the chance.

But how do you talk to somebody who doesn't talk to anybody? Every question I thought to ask, I knew Perelman wouldn't answer. I couldn't take direction from the Russian press, which had deluged him with questions about why he wouldn't accept the money, why he had turned down the Fields Medal, why he wouldn't talk to them.

I didn't want to bother Perelman. I didn't want to be like all the others who had forced him into exile. I believed there was a delicate way to approach him.

I consulted those who knew him. When I met with Alexander Abramov in Moscow, he described the last phone call he had had with Perelman, three years prior. Abramov, a professor, has known Perelman since 1982, when he coached the Soviet team at the International Math Olympiad. (Perelman won a gold medal, posting a perfect score.) Exasperated by Perelman's solitude, Abramov asked him what he should do in order to meet with him. Perelman suggested that Abramov move to St. Petersburg. "Forever?" Abramov asked. "Maybe," said Perelman before hanging up the phone.

Maybe Perelman didn't like Abramov anymore. Maybe he didn't like anybody anymore. "I'm afraid he is at the level of a nervous breakdown," Rukshin said. "If this was still the Soviet Union, he would be forced into psychiatric treatment

for this behavior." In 2008 Perelman asked Rukshin to limit their phone calls. Now they speak about once a year.

"It looks very much like the story of Bobby Fischer," Abramov said. "And Bobby Fischer couldn't be called a happy man."

It was the afternoon of day three, and the androgynous bum pleaded through my car window for a few rubles. Even up close I could not tell if this was a man or a woman. I watched the bum move along a little richer. When I refocused my eyes on Perelman's door, I heard myself gasp, "There he is!"

It was Perelman all right. The beard, the hair, the expression of uncertainty as he stumbled into the sun with his mother, Lyubov, by his side. He shuffled toward the garbage bins stacked by the door, looking as if he might rummage through them. He wore a black ski jacket, a black shirt, black pants. His mother was dressed in a red overcoat and a white beret. They turned down the lane, heading toward the courtyard behind their building. I locked the car.

The courtyard was the size of a city block, with trees, parking lots and playgrounds. Trailing at a considerable distance, I saw Perelman and his mother moving across a grassy field. I decided to approach him head-on rather than sneak up from behind, taking all measures to avoid agitating him. Even though I knew he had known English quite well at one time in his life, I thought it best to speak Russian with him to put him at ease.

I walked along one edge of the courtyard, hoping to meet him as he reached its far side. I hurried past a trash heap, around the fencing of a dead tennis court. I circled around a small school, and when I reached the far edge of the grassy field, Perelman and his mother weren't there. I had lost them.

Frantically I searched the courtyard. I located them again, along a row of parked cars. But when I made another loop in order to get in front of them, I didn't see them. When I spotted Perelman and his mother once more, they were heading back the way they had come. I didn't have the luxury of positioning. I would have to approach them from behind. I walked briskly. I was 20 yards from Perelman and closing. Still I didn't know what to say.

Then I was at his side, and there was no more time to think. "Grigori Yakovlevich?" I said, employing his middle name, in polite Russian form. "Is it you?"

Perelman's head rotated slowly. He appraised me from the corner of one eye. He said nothing. "Excuse me, please," I continued. "I don't want to bother you. But I have come from America to speak with you."

Up close, Perelman looked about five-foot 10 and slighter than I had imagined. He was less menacing than he appeared in pictures. He did not waste thought on his appearance, though. Dandruff caked

the shoulders of his coat. His clothes were streaked with stains.

Perelman spoke with a high-toned, birdlike voice. And he knew what to say. "You're a journalist?" he asked. His mother peeked at me from behind his shoulder, then pulled away. I nodded. Perelman looked at the sky, letting out a pained sigh. We took several small steps together.

"From which publication?" he asked. I told him. He nodded in recognition but said, "I don't give interviews."

"I know," I said. "That's okay."

-Perelman and his mother stopped walking. They looked me up and down, as though what I'd said had confused them. I didn't know how this was going to go, but at least

"It wasn't so bad," I said. "I had a book."

"How did you find out the address?" Perelman asked me.

"I have a connection," I said.

"With the police."

His eyes went wide. "The police?" he said. "Are you Russian?"

"American."

He looked at me curiously. "Are you sure you're not Russian?" By all signs that I could interpret, Perelman was eager to speak with me, glad for human contact.

"Do you mind if I walk with you for a little bit?" I asked. Perelman shrugged and we kept on. He had laughed once, I thought. Maybe he would laugh again. "I was nervous," I told him. "Everybody says you are

"And what I'm doing now, I won't tell you."

I was ready with another question, but he had one of his own. "You're really not Russian?" he asked. "You speak like someone who was born in Russia and left at eight or nine, then came back as an adult. You have this sound."

Pressing my momentum, I asked him a few easy questions, hoping to open him up. "What are your plans for the May holidays?" "Did you enjoy your time in America?" "How often do you take these walks?" Each time, Perelman shrugged, stared into the sky and said nothing. I wasn't sure if he had heard me. I looked at his mother, and she raised her eyebrows as though she didn't know what to say either. A smile crossed her face.

We made our way toward the archway that led to his entry. I tried another serious question. "Considering your abilities and how young you still are, how might you return to science?" He wheezed. After a short silence, his mother asked if I was wearing a wire.

I resolved to draw him out once more. Trying to build common ground, I touched on the similarities between writing and mathematics, emphasizing the solitude that each discipline required. I looked at him with an open, friendly face. He stared again at the sky, a blank page.

We reached the archway and stopped. Perelman and his mother stared at me, wondering how this would end. I looked at Perelman and asked, "How's your Ping-Pong game?"

"I haven't played in a long time," he said. He laid an arm across his mother's shoulders. He was becoming agitated. We had walked and talked for 20 minutes, and what had I figured out? I had gotten a feeling for the man, but I had not solved the riddle. Would he help me do it? There was time for one final question. I put it to him in English, the single philosophical question that I hoped he would consider. "Where does your life go from here?" I said.

Perelman stepped closer to me. I saw that one of his upper teeth was dark brown, decayed. "What?" he said, his English skills apparently dormant. Perelman's face was focused in concentration as I repeated the question, and I thought that he might answer it. But when I finished speaking, his face went slack, as before. He understood what I wanted to find out, the path of this unusual life. He mumbled, "I don't know."

We said our good-byes.

Through the windshield of the rental car I watched Perelman and his mother approach their entryway, the bums and the kids and the new mothers of Kupchino going about their lives. Perelman and his mother retreated into the darkness of the vestibule. The metal door slammed closed behind them. Perelman was out; he was in. He had gotten some air.



THE DISSAPPEARANCE OF GENIUS GRIGORI PERELMAN HAS BAFFLED HIS COLLEAGUES. HE WAS SPOTTED ON A ST. PETERSBURG TRAIN (ABOVE) IN 2007

Perelman had not run away. So I put on a big smile. "Good weather today, huh?" I said. And to my surprise, both the terrifying recluse and his nervous mother let out a laugh. They were disarmed. I was in.

"How did you know we would be here?" Lyubov Perelman asked, stepping out from behind her son. She wore thick glasses, and her cheery face puffed out beneath the beret.

"I'm embarrassed to say," I told her.

"Well?" she said.

I nodded toward the street. "I've been sitting in a car out there waiting for you."

"Really?" she said.

frightening." Perelman squinted at the sky as if contemplating something I would never understand. A man passed in front of us, walking a cat on a leash.

Lyubov Perelman said, "If you're not getting an interview, what's the point of this?"

Perelman put his arm around her. "It's okay, Mother," he reassured her. "We're just walking."

Considering all I had learned about -Perelman, this display of considerate behavior amazed me. And it emboldened me. No one had gotten this close to him in years. "I understand you're not practicing math anymore," I said. "Can you tell me what you are working on?"

"I have left mathematics," he said.





PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

WORDS BY RAPHAEL SORIANO / PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCO RAYMUNDO / STYLING BY VINCE FLORES
HAIR & MAKEUP BY JANET FADERA / SHOT ON LOCATION AT RED RABBIT STUDIO

Ondrea Felix
THIS
RESPLENDENT
DREAM



AT FIRST GLANCE ONDREA WILL GET YOU GLUED, HER EVERY MOVE LIKE FALLEN GRACE FROM HEAVEN. FROM THIS DISTANCE FOR AN ADMIRER, SHE WOWS WITH THE ALLURE SHE GIVES OUT. A CRANE OF THE NECK AND ONE IS INDULGED. THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT HER GAZE THAT DARTS RIGHT THROUGH, PERHAPS THE DEPTH OF HER SUBSTANCE, AND SHE KEEPS US INTRIGUED. FOR ONDREA, IT IS FORGED IRON WILL.



**"I COULD CONFIDENTLY SAY NOW THAT
I COULD BE REAL AND KEEP IT REAL.**

**GINAGAWA KO ANG BEST KO PARA MAGUSTUHAN AKO. I LIKE TO PLEASE.
THAT'S WHY SOMETIMES GUYS COULD NOT GET ENOUGH OF ME."**



**“I WANT A MAN
WHO WOULD
FIGHT FOR
ME. I’M NOT
A DIFFICULT
PERSON, PERO
KAILANGAN
IPAGLABAN NIYA AKO
PARA MAKASAMA
NIYA AKO.”**





**"I THINK A
GENTLEMAN
IS ONE WHO
PLEASES
A WOMAN
THROUGH AND
THROUGH."**





One part domineering and every inch self-made is not without an inspiring story. "I did not grow up having the good stuff of life. Life was hard, *lumaki ako malapit sa dagat kung saan kami kumukuha ng kakainin araw-araw*", Ondrea starts. "I'm the eldest of siblings, *kaya maaga ako nagging independent kasi ako ang inasahang magtrabaho*", she adds. In an instant she blurs away the somber mood with a rather coy grin, saying she is grateful for the challenges she had to go through. "*Hindi ako magiging dreamer, at di ako matututo kung hindi ko pinagdaanan 'yun*", she understandably boasts, and includes "I'm a very active person. *Ayoko ng nakatunganga*." With her appetite to

be productive at a young age, it is no wonder Ondrea started getting attention very soon after as she made up her mind that she will pursue a modeling career. She believes that a step to her dream includes becoming one of PLAYBOY's faces because she will "garner confidence from a fulfilled fantasy."

For a lensman's tenderfoot, Ondrea rather takes on the role of the seductress easily and then just like that she is no stranger to the cameras for long. When asked what was going on in her mind on the shoot, she says "*Sabi ko sa sarili ko dapat ako ang pinakamaganda at sexy*, and nothing and no one else (Laughs)"! She adds that half of the time she felt pressured to give her best to meet the standards of PLAYBOY fans. Undoubtedly we have ourselves

this dash of boldness that could only be deserving of our big love, and she evidently delivers her delectable form to sweep us off of our feet.

Ondrea could not contain her excitement about becoming this month's Playmate. "*Bata pa lang ako PLAYBOY na 'yan, pinapangarap ng mga kalalakihan ang mga babae sa PLAYBOY*", she dotingly set her eyes on this goal. It is with her solid determination, and with the pockets of inspiration she shares and carries, that we lovingly and cordially welcome her as December Playmate. While we ponder on how we could equal her favor in return, here is Ondrea Felix—wanting to come out and step up with only her best.







What does Hillary Clinton do every morning after she shaves her pussy? She sends him off to work.

The judge asked the prostitute, "So when did you realize you had been raped?" Wiping away tears, she replied, "When the check bounced!"

I've reviewed your case very carefully and have decided to give your ex-wife \$300 a week," a judge declared. "That's more than fair," the man said. "I'll even try to kick in a little of my own money."

A small boy woke up three nights in a row when he heard a thumping sound coming from his parents' bedroom. Finally, one morning he went to his mother and said, "Mommy, every night I hear you and Daddy making noise, and when I look in you, you're bouncing up and down on him." His mother replied, "Oh, well, I'm bouncing on Daddy's stomach because he's fat, and that help him get thin again." "That wont work," said the boy. "Why not?" asked his mother. The boy replied, "Because the lady next door comes over after you leave each day and blows him up again!"

A man was seen fleeing down the hall of a hospital just before his operation. "What's the matter?" his wife asked. "I heard the nurse say, 'It's a very simple operation. Don't worry. I'm sure it will be all right,'" he said. "She was just trying to comfort you," his wife said. "What's so frightening about that?" "She wasn't talking to me," he answered. "She was talking to the doctor."

Will I be the first to do this to you?" a man whispered when his bride-to-be finally consented to have sex. "What a silly question," giggled the girl. "I don't even know what position you want to try yet."

A man went to the doctor after he twisted his knee playing golf. "You need to stop masturbating," the doctor said. When the man asked why, the doctor replied, "Because I am trying to examine your knee."

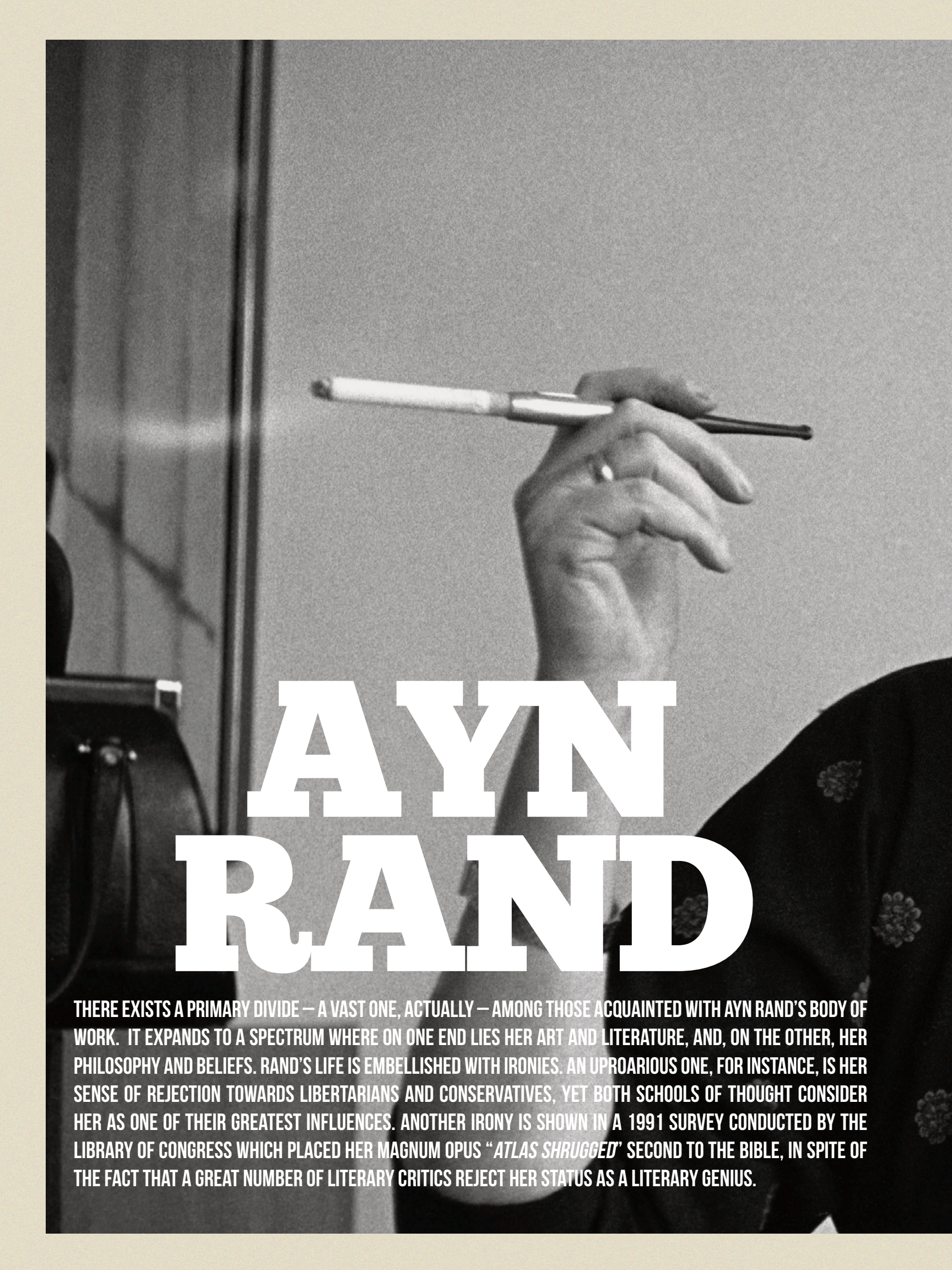
A blonde called a travel agent and asked, "How long is a flight from New York to San Francisco?" "Just a minute," said the agent. The blonde said thank you and hung up.

A sixth-grade science teacher asked her class, "Which human body part increases to 10 times its size when stimulated?" No one in the class answered until a little girl stood up and said, "You shouldn't be asking sixth-graders a question like that! I'm going to tell my parents, and they will go tell the principal, who will fire you!" The teacher ignored her and asked the class again, "Which human body part increases to 10 times its size when stimulated." "Very good," the teacher said. Then turned to the little girl and added, "As for you, young lady, I have three thing to say: One, you have a dirty mind. Two, you didn't read your homework. And three, one day you're going to be very very, disappointed."



A handsome postal carrier was finishing his last day one the job when a middle-aged woman invited him into her home for a hot lunch to bid him farewell. After the mean she came on to him, then took him upstairs and had her way with him. On his way out the door, she handed him a dollar. He asked, "What's this for?" "Well, I must admit the lunch was my idea," she said. "But when I told my husband it was your last day, he said, 'Fuck him, give him a dollar.'"

Shirley Neiman

A black and white photograph of a hand holding a pen, with the name 'AYN RAND' overlaid in large white letters. The hand is holding a pen horizontally, and the pen is lit. The background is a textured, slightly mottled grey. The name 'AYN RAND' is written in a large, bold, sans-serif font, with 'AYN' on the top line and 'RAND' on the bottom line. The text is white and stands out against the darker background.

AYN RAND

THERE EXISTS A PRIMARY DIVIDE — A VAST ONE, ACTUALLY — AMONG THOSE ACQUAINTED WITH AYN RAND'S BODY OF WORK. IT EXPANDS TO A SPECTRUM WHERE ON ONE END LIES HER ART AND LITERATURE, AND, ON THE OTHER, HER PHILOSOPHY AND BELIEFS. RAND'S LIFE IS EMBELLISHED WITH IRONIES. AN UPROARIOUS ONE, FOR INSTANCE, IS HER SENSE OF REJECTION TOWARDS LIBERTARIANS AND CONSERVATIVES, YET BOTH SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT CONSIDER HER AS ONE OF THEIR GREATEST INFLUENCES. ANOTHER IRONY IS SHOWN IN A 1991 SURVEY CONDUCTED BY THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WHICH PLACED HER MAGNUM OPUS "*ATLAS SHRUGGED*" SECOND TO THE BIBLE, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT A GREAT NUMBER OF LITERARY CRITICS REJECT HER STATUS AS A LITERARY GENIUS.



There is no question that Ayn Rand, the short-haired Russian-American author of four much-celebrated novels (*The Fountainhead*, *Atlas Shrugged*, *We*, *The Living*, and *Anthem*), and the prime mover of a philosophy she termed herself as Objectivism, remains as one of the most influential forces in contemporary culture. In her writings, she championed 'man' or the 'individual' above all else, and 'reason' as man's only absolute. Thus, it is only logical that she rejects those that oppose her philosophy (e.g. Communism and religion) but advocates *laissez-faire capitalism*, the idea of a free-market economy, in which she believes, is the perfect system where individual rights are most secured and exercised. Although never directly involved with American politics, she went on to be also

one of the greater influences of the Tea Party Movement in 2009, one protester even bearing the words "I am John Galt," one of *Atlas Shrugged's* heroes.

What is to be positively attributed to Rand is that she not only writes her complex ideas, but she also lives them through her own life experiences. Before being finally published in 1943, twelve publishing companies turned down "*The Fountainhead*" until the Bobbs-Merrill Company picked it up, read it, and sealed the deal with her. It went on to outsell other novels of its time without even a concrete marketing strategy except by word-of-mouth. Today it has sold 25 million copies, more than the amount of the rest of her books sold.

It is easy to be a subject matter of transience, of being there and never past that. Yet iconic as with eyes burrowing deeply in most of her portraits with a cigarette dangling between the

fingers of one hand, Rand has remained to be pop culture phenomenon. From references in *The Simpsons* and *Mad Men*, to screen adaptations of her works, to light-bulbing the whole idea of the videogame *Bioshock*, up to a mention of "*The Fountainhead*" in Stephen Chbosky's popular epistolary novel "*The Perks of Being a Wallflower*", Rand remains a presence, prescient as she will always be. Whether she indulges in her early fascination for film writing; or analyzing Marilyn Monroe's controversial death; or further promoting her Objectivist stances through her non-fiction, Rand is a major figure in literature and even, to an extent, our history.

"Certain writers, of whom I am one, do not live, think, or write on the range of the moment," she wrote in May, 1968. It was written past the swift superficiality of a moment, her body of work bearing a shelf life constant of its timelessness.

By Petersen Vargas

REMEMBERING THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE THINKER

Few writers in modern history have inspired as much reverence and derision as Ayn Rand, author of the mega-selling *The Fountainhead*, published in 1943, and *Atlas Shrugged*, in 1957. Astoundingly, more than 25 million copies of Rand's books have been sold. *Atlas Shrugged* is one of the most influential works of the 20th century. In a survey of books that made the most difference in people's lives, it ranked number two, behind the Bible.

Rand's novels, like her nonfiction, include didactic arguments supporting her philosophy, which she called objectivism. On the "About the Author" page of *Atlas Shrugged*, she explains, "My philosophy, in essence, is the concept of man as a heroic being, with his own happiness as the moral purpose of his life, with productive achievement as his noblest activity, and reason as his only absolute." Rand denounced religion, liberalism, socialism and communism; she embraced the free market, atheism and libertarianism. The highest ideal, she believed, was "rational self-interest."

Excerpted from the March 1964 issue

PLAYBOY: In *Atlas Shrugged*, one of your leading characters is asked, "What's the most depraved type of human being?" His reply is surprising: He doesn't say a sadist or a murderer or a sex maniac or a dictator; he says, "The man without a purpose." Yet most people seem to go through their lives without a clearly defined purpose. Do you regard them as depraved?

RAND: Yes, to a certain extent. Because that aspect of their character lies at the root of and causes all the evils which you mentioned in your question. Sadism, dictatorship, any form of evil, is the consequence of a man's evasion of reality. A consequence of his failure to think. The man without a purpose is a man who drifts at the mercy of random feelings or unidentified urges and is capable of any evil, because he is totally out of control of his own life. In order to be in control of your life, you have to have a purpose—a productive purpose.

PLAYBOY: If a person organizes his life around a single, neatly defined purpose, isn't he in danger of becoming extremely narrow in his horizons?

RAND: Quite the contrary. A central purpose serves to integrate all the other concerns of a man's life. It establishes the hierarchy, the relative importance, of his values, it saves him from pointless inner conflicts, it permits him to enjoy life on a wide scale and to carry that enjoyment into any area open to his mind; whereas a man without a purpose is lost in chaos. He does not know what his values are. He does not know how to judge. He cannot tell what is or is not important to him, and therefore he drifts helplessly at the mercy of any chance stimulus or any whim of the moment. He can enjoy nothing. He spends his life searching for some value which he will never find.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't the attempt to rule whim out of life, to act in a totally rational fashion, be viewed as conducive to a juiceless, joyless kind

of existence?

RAND: I truly must say that I don't know what you are talking about. Reason is man's tool of knowledge, the faculty that enables him to perceive the facts of reality. To act rationally means to act in accordance with the facts of reality. Emotions are not tools of cognition. What you feel tells you nothing about the facts; it merely tells you something about your estimate of the facts. Emotions are the result of your value judgments; they are caused by your basic premises, which you may hold consciously or subconsciously, which may be right or wrong. A whim is an emotion whose cause you neither know nor care to discover. Now what does it mean, to act on whim? It means that a man acts like a zombie, without any knowledge of what he deals with, what he wants to accomplish or what motivates him. It means that a man acts in a state of temporary insanity. Is this what you call juicy or colorful? I think the only juice that can come out of such a situation is blood. To act against the facts of reality can result only in destruction.

PLAYBOY: Should one ignore emotions altogether?

RAND: Of course not. One should merely keep them in their place. An emotion is an automatic response, an automatic effect of man's value premises. An effect, not a cause. There is no necessary clash, no dichotomy between man's reason and his emotions—provided he observes their proper relationship. A rational man knows—or makes it a point to discover—the source of his emotions, the basic premises from which they come; if his premises are wrong, he corrects them. He never acts on emotions for which he cannot account, the meaning of which he does not understand.

PLAYBOY: According to your philosophy, work and achievement are the highest goals of life. Do you regard as immoral those who find greater fulfillment in the warmth of friendship and family ties?

RAND: If they place such things

Rand is still taught in colleges and dissected in book groups. More proof of her enduring relevance is the frequency with which she has been invoked this election year, when the economy is the number one issue. Rand is a hero of the Tea Party, and congressmen Ron Paul and Paul Ryan have cited her as an inspiration. Meanwhile Democrats have railed against Rand's laissez-faire capitalism, which has been embraced by the Republicans. Mentions of her are common in pop culture too; Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt are fans, and Rand has been referenced on *Mad Men*.

Six years after the publication of *Atlas Shrugged*, *PLAYBOY* sent Alvin Toffler, who would go on to write the seminal and prescient book *Future Shock*, to interview Rand. She spoke in a deep voice edged with a Russian accent and "paused only long enough between words to puff on cigarettes held in a blue-and-silver holder (a gift from admirers) en-graved with her initials, the names of the three heroes of *Atlas Shrugged* and a number of diminutive dollar signs."

as friendship and family ties above their own productive work, yes, then they are immoral. Friendship, family life and human relationships are not primary in a man's life. A man who places others first, above his own creative work, is an emotional parasite; whereas, if he places his work first, there is no conflict between his work and his enjoyment of human relationships.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that women as well as men should organize their lives around work—and if so, what kind of work?

RAND: Of course. I believe that women are human beings. What is proper for a man is proper for a woman. I would not attempt to prescribe what kind of work a man should do, and I would not attempt it in regard to women. Women can choose their work according to their own purpose and premises in the same manner as men do.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, is a woman immoral who chooses to devote herself to home and family instead of a career?

RAND: Not immoral—I would say she is impractical, because a home cannot be a full-time occupation, except when her children are young.

PLAYBOY: Where, would you say, should romantic love fit into the life of a rational person whose single driving passion is work?

RAND: It is his greatest reward. The only man capable of experiencing a profound romantic love is the man driven by passion for his work—because love is an expression of self-esteem, of the deepest values in a man's or a woman's character. One falls in love with the person who shares these values. If a man has no clearly defined values and no moral character, he is not able to appreciate another person. In this respect, I would like to quote from *The Fountainhead*, in which the hero utters a line that has often been quoted by readers: "To say 'I love you' one must know first how to say the 'I.'"

PLAYBOY: You have denounced the puritan notion that physical love is

ugly or evil; yet you have written, "Indiscriminate desire and unselective indulgence are possible only to those who regard sex and themselves as evil." Would you say that discriminate and selective indulgence in sex is moral?

RAND: I would say that a selective and discriminate sex life is not an indulgence. The term indulgence implies that it is an action taken lightly and casually. I say that sex is one of the most important aspects of man's life and, therefore, must never be approached lightly or casually. Sex must not be anything other than a response to values. And that is why I consider promiscuity immoral. Not because sex is evil but because sex is too good and too important.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean, in your view, that sex should involve only married partners?

RAND: Not necessarily. What sex should involve is a very serious relationship. I consider marriage a very important institution, but it is important when and if two people have found the person with whom they wish to spend the rest of their lives—a question of which no man or woman can be automatically certain. When one is certain that one's choice is final, then marriage is, of course, a desirable state. But this does not mean that any relationship based on less than total certainty is improper. I think the question of an affair or a marriage depends on the knowledge and the position of the two persons involved and should be left up to them. Either is moral, provided only that both parties take the relationship seriously and that it is based on values.

PLAYBOY: As one who champions the cause of enlightened self-interest, how do you feel about dedicating one's life to hedonistic self-gratification?

RAND: I am profoundly opposed to the philosophy of hedonism. Hedonism is the doctrine which holds that the good is whatever gives you pleasure and, therefore, pleasure is the standard of morality. Objectivism holds that the good must be defined

by a rational standard of value, that pleasure is not a first cause but only a consequence, that only the pleasure which proceeds from a rational value judgment can be regarded as moral, that pleasure, as such, is not a guide to action nor a standard of morality. My philosophy is the opposite of hedonism. I hold that one cannot achieve happiness by random, arbitrary or subjective means. One can achieve happiness only on the basis of rational values.

PLAYBOY: You attack the idea that sex is “impervious to reason.” But isn’t sex a nonrational biological instinct?

RAND: No. To begin with, man does not possess any instincts. Physically, sex is merely a capacity. But how a man will exercise this capacity and whom he will find attractive depends on his standard of value. It depends on his premises, which he may hold

PLAYBOY: In *Atlas Shrugged* you write, “There are two sides to every issue. One side is right and the other is wrong, but the middle is always evil.” Isn’t this a rather black-and-white set of values?

RAND: I most emphatically advocate a black-and-white view of the world. What is meant by the expression black and white? It means good and evil. Before you can identify anything as gray, as middle of the road, you have to know what is black and what is white, because gray is merely a mixture of the two. And when you have established that one alternative is good and the other is evil, there is no justification for the choice of a mixture. There is no justification ever for choosing any part of what you know to be evil.

PLAYBOY: Then you believe in absolutes?

RAND: I do.

nonsense. What is correct is that I do regard the cross as the symbol of the sacrifice of the ideal to the -nonideal. Christ, in terms of the Christian philosophy, is the human ideal. He personifies that which men should strive to emulate. Yet, according to the Christian mythology, he died on the cross not for his own sins but for the sins of the non-ideal people. In other words, a man of perfect virtue was sacrificed for men who are vicious and who are expected or supposed to accept that sacrifice. If I were a Christian, nothing could make me more indignant than that: the notion of sacrificing the ideal to the nonideal, or virtue to vice. And it is in the name of that symbol that men are asked to sacrifice themselves for their inferiors. That is precisely how the symbolism is used. That is torture.

PLAYBOY: Has no religion, in your estimation, ever offered anything of

made clear by the total context of the story in *Anthem*. One’s own rational judgment. You see, I use the term free will in a totally different sense from the one usually attached to it. Free will consists of man’s ability to think or not to think. The act of thinking is man’s primary act of choice. A rational man will never be guided by desires or whims, only by values based on his rational judgment. That is the only authority he can recognize. This does not mean anarchy, because, if a man wants to live in a free, civilized society, he would, in reason, have to choose to observe the laws, when those laws are objective, rational and valid. I have written an article on this subject for *The Objectivist Newsletter*—on the need and proper function of a government.

PLAYBOY: What, in your view, is the proper function of a government?



consciously or subconsciously and which determine his choices. It is in this manner that his philosophy directs his sex life.

PLAYBOY: Isn’t the individual equipped with powerful, nonrational biological drives?

RAND: He is not. A man is equipped with a certain kind of physical mechanism and certain needs but without any knowledge of how to fulfill them. For instance, man needs food. He experiences hunger. But unless he learns first to identify this hunger, then to know that he needs food and how to obtain it, he will starve. The need, the hunger, will not tell him how to satisfy it. Man is born with certain physical and psychological needs, but he can neither discover them nor satisfy them without the use of his mind. Man has to discover what is right or wrong for him as a rational being. His so-called urges will not tell him what to do.

PLAYBOY: Can’t objectivism, then, be called a dogma?

RAND: No. A dogma is a set of beliefs accepted on faith; that is, without rational justification or against rational evidence. A dogma is a matter of blind faith. Objectivism is the exact opposite. Objectivism tells you that you must not accept any idea or conviction unless you can demonstrate its truth by means of reason.

PLAYBOY: You have said you are opposed to faith. Do you believe in God?

RAND: Certainly not.

PLAYBOY: You’ve been quoted as saying, “The cross is the symbol of torture, of the sacrifice of the ideal to the nonideal. I prefer the dollar sign.” Do you truly feel that 2,000 years of Christianity can be summed up with the word torture?

RAND: To begin with, I never said that. It’s not my style. I don’t say I prefer the dollar sign—that is cheap

constructive value to human life?

RAND: Qua religion, no—in the sense of blind belief, belief unsupported by, or contrary to, the facts of reality and the conclusions of reason. Faith, as such, is extremely detrimental to human life: It is the negation of reason. But you must remember that religion is an early form of philosophy, that the first attempts to explain the universe, to give a coherent frame of reference to man’s life and a code of moral values, were made by religion, before men graduated or developed enough to have philosophy. And, as philosophies, some religions have very valuable moral points.

PLAYBOY: In your early novel *Anthem*, your protagonist declares, “It is my will which chooses, and the choice of my will is the only edict I respect.” Isn’t this anarchism? Is one’s own desire or will the only law one must respect?

RAND: Not one’s own will. This is, more or less, a poetic expression

RAND: Basically, there is really only one proper function: the protection of individual rights. Since rights can be violated only by physical force, and by certain derivatives of physical force, the proper function of government is to protect men from those who initiate the use of physical force: from those who are criminals. Force, in a free society, may be used only in retaliation and only against those who initiate its use. This is the proper task of government: to serve as a policeman who protects men from the use of force.

PLAYBOY: If force may be used only in retaliation against force, does the government have the right to use force to collect taxes, for example, or to draft soldiers?

RAND: In principle, I believe that taxation should be voluntary, like everything else. But how one would implement this is a very complex question. I can only suggest certain methods, but I would not attempt to

insist on them as a definitive answer. A government lottery, for instance, used in many countries in Europe, is one good method of voluntary taxation. There are others. Taxes should be voluntary contributions for the proper governmental services which people do need and therefore would be and should be willing to pay for—as they pay for insurance. But, of course, this is a problem for a distant future, for the time when men will establish a fully free social system. It would be the last, not the first, reform to advocate. As to the draft, it is improper and unconstitutional. It is a violation of fundamental rights, of a man's right to his own life. No man has the right to send another man to fight and die for his, the sender's, cause. A country has no right to force men into involuntary servitude. Armies should be strictly voluntary, and as military authorities will tell you, volunteer armies are the best armies.

PLAYBOY: What about other public needs? Do you consider the post office, for example, a legitimate function of government?

RAND: My position is fully consistent. Not only the post office but streets, roads and above all schools, should all be privately owned and privately run. I advocate the separation of state and economics. The government should be concerned only with those issues which involve the use of force. This means: the police, the armed services and the law courts to settle disputes among men. Nothing else. Everything else should be privately run and would be much better run.

PLAYBOY: Would you create any new government departments or agencies?

RAND: No, and I truly cannot discuss things that way. I am not a government planner nor do I spend my time inventing Utopias. I'm talking about principles whose practical applications are clear. If I have said that I am opposed to the initiation of

force, what else has to be discussed?

PLAYBOY: What about force in foreign -policy? You have said that any free nation had the right to invade Nazi Germany during World War II—

RAND: Certainly.

PLAYBOY: And that any free nation today has the moral right—though not the duty—to invade Soviet Russia, Cuba or any other “slave pen.” Correct?

RAND: Correct. A dictatorship—a country that violates the rights of its own citizens—is an outlaw and can claim no rights.

PLAYBOY: Would you actively advocate that the United States invade Cuba or the -Soviet Union?

RAND: Not at present. I don't think it's necessary. I would advocate that which the Soviet Union fears above all else: economic boycott. I would advocate a blockade of Cuba and an economic boycott of Soviet Russia, and you would see both those regimes collapse without the loss of a single American life.

PLAYBOY: Would you favor U.S. withdrawal from the United Nations?

RAND: Yes. I do not sanction the grotesque pretense of an organization allegedly devoted to world peace and human rights, which includes Soviet Russia, the worst aggressor and bloodiest butcher in history, as one of its members. The notion of protecting rights, with Soviet Russia among the protectors, is an insult to the concept of rights and to the intelligence of any man who is asked to endorse or sanction such an organization. I do not believe that an individual should cooperate with criminals, and, for all the same reasons, I do not believe that free countries should cooperate with dictatorships.

PLAYBOY: Would you advocate severing diplomatic relations with Russia?

RAND: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You are a declared

anticommunist, antisocialist and antiliberal. Yet you reject the notion that you are a conservative. In fact, you have reserved some of your angriest criticism for conservatives. Where do you stand politically?

RAND: Correction. I never describe my position in terms of negatives. I am an advocate of laissez-faire capitalism, of individual rights—there are no others—of individual freedom. It is on this ground that I oppose any doctrine which proposes the sacrifice of the individual to the collective, such as communism, socialism, the welfare state, fascism, Nazism and modern liberalism. I oppose the conservatives on the same ground. The conservatives are advocates of a mixed economy and of a welfare state. Their difference from the liberals is only one of degree, not of principle.

PLAYBOY: Are there any political groups in the United States today of which you approve?

RAND: Political groups, as such—no. Is there any political group today which is fully consistent? Such groups today are guided by or advocate blatant contradictions.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any personal political aspirations yourself? Have you ever considered running for office?

RAND: Certainly not. And I trust that you don't hate me enough to wish such a thing on me.

PLAYBOY: Throughout your work you argue that the way in which the contemporary world is organized, even in the capitalist countries, submerges the individual and stifles initiative. In *Atlas Shrugged*, [the protagonist] John Galt leads a strike of the men of the mind—which results in the collapse of the collectivist society around them. Do you think the time has come for the artists, intellectuals and creative businessmen of today to withdraw their talents from society in this way?

RAND: No, not yet. But before I explain, I must correct one part of your question. What we have today is not a capitalist -society but a mixed economy—that is, a mixture of freedom and controls, which, by the presently dominant trend, is moving toward dictatorship. The action in *Atlas Shrugged* takes place at a time when society has reached the stage of dictatorship. When and if this happens, that will be the time to go on strike, but not until then.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by dictatorship? How would you define it?

RAND: A dictatorship is a country that does not recognize individual rights, whose government holds total, unlimited power over men.

PLAYBOY: What is the dividing line, by your definition, between a mixed economy and a dictatorship?

RAND: A dictatorship has four characteristics: one-party rule, executions without trial for political offenses, expropriation or nationalization of private property,

and censorship. Above all, this last. So long as men can speak and write freely, so long as there is no censorship, they still have a chance to reform their society or to put it on a better road. When censorship is imposed, that is the sign that men should go on strike intellectually, by which I mean, should not cooperate with the social system in any way whatever.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that objectivism as a philosophy will eventually sweep the world?

RAND: Nobody can answer a question of that kind. Men have free will. There is no guarantee that they will choose to be rational, at any one time or in any one generation. Nor is it necessary for a philosophy to “sweep the world.” If you ask the question in a somewhat different form, if you say, do I think that objectivism will be the philosophy of the future, I would say yes, but with this qualification: If men turn to reason, if they are not destroyed by dictatorship and precipitated into another Dark Ages, if men remain free long enough to have time to think, then objectivism is the philosophy they will accept.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RAND: In any historical period when men were free, it has always been the most rational philosophy that won. It is from this perspective that I would say, yes, objectivism will win. But there is no guarantee, no predetermined necessity about it.

PLAYBOY: You are sharply critical of the world as you see it today, and your books offer radical proposals for changing not merely the shape of society but the very way in which most men work, think and love. Are you optimistic about man's -future?

RAND: Yes, I am optimistic. Collectivism, as an intellectual power and a moral ideal, is dead. But freedom and individualism, and their political expression, capitalism, have not yet been discovered. It is significant that the dying collectivist philosophy of today has produced nothing but a cult of depravity, impotence and despair. Look at modern art and literature with their image of man as a helpless, mindless creature doomed to failure, frustration and destruction. This may be the collectivists' psychological confession, but it is not an image of man. If it were, we would never have risen from the cave. But we did. Look around you and look at history. You will see the achievements of man's mind. You will see man's unlimited potentiality for greatness and the faculty that makes it possible. You will see that man is not a helpless monster by nature, but he becomes one when he discards that faculty: his mind. And if you ask me, what is greatness?—I will answer, it is the capacity to live by three fundamental values: reason, purpose, self-esteem.



“I'm impressed. Can you show me any of the other position you're more than qualified for, Ms. Hempstead?”





United Nations
Foundation Prize
Gold Medal for
Humanitarian and
Development Reporting
("Inside Haiti: Hatred and
Hunger in an Unhealed Land,"
Imelda Abañio)

- ROTARY CLUB OF MANILA
 - »Newspaper of the Year
- ASEAN CHAMPIONS OF BIODIVERSITY
 - »Third Place (Media Category)
- HOLCIM JOURNALISM AWARDS
FOR SUSTAINABLE CONSTRUCTION
 - »Story of the Year (Anjo Alimario)

- »Special Citation for People and
Community (Imelda Abañio)
- »Special Citation for Environment
(Max de Leon)
- »Finalist (Roderick Abad)
- ECONOMIC JOURNALISTS
ASSOCIATION OF THE PHILIPPINES

- »Best Agriculture Reporter (Jennifer Ng)
- »Best Feature Story (Lenie Lectura)
- DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT FÜR
INTERNATIONALE ZUSAMMENARBEIT
 - »Best Photo Essay (Nonie Reyes)
- SSS BALIKAT NG BAYAN EXCELLENCE
IN JOURNALISM AWARDS
 - »Best in Print Category (Butch del Castillo)

- JOSE G. BURGOS JR. AWARDS
FOR BIOTECH JOURNALISM
 - »First Place, Institutional Category
 - »First Place, News Category
(Lyn Resurreccion)
 - »Third Place, News Category
(Jonathan Mayuga)
 - »Third Place, Features Category
(Jennifer Ng)

- BRIGHTLEAF AGRICULTURE AWARDS
 - »Agriculture Story of the Year
(Alberto "Bong" Fabe)
 - »Best Regional Agriculture
News Story (Marilou Guieb)
 - »Tobacco Photo of the Year (Mauricio Vicia)
- HENRY FORD AWARDS
 - »Hall of Fame, Best Motoring Section
 - »Best Automotive Feature Story
(Tet Andolong)

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*Happy
Holidays!*

SHE MAY
JUST BE
**YOUR
PERFECT**

ift

DANNAH BARTOLOME
UNWRAPS HERSELF AND GIVES US
A JOYFUL HOLIDAY

photography by owen reyes / interview by michel andre' constant





ASIAN BEAUTY
DECEMBER 2012 ISSUE NO.48

MAKE UP BY JAYLEE JONES / SHOT AT RED RABBIT STUDIO (09178724196)



OUR ASIAN BEAUTY IS NOT SHY WITH HER SENSUALITY. WHEN SHE'S NOT BUSY PURSUING HER DREAMS OF BEING A CHEF AND A RESTAURATEUR SHE WHILES AWAY HER TIME, "MAKING MANKIND GO CRAZY FOR ME!"

Our Asian Beauty for December is a perfect example of the classic lady, from the province where heroes were born. Hailing from the historic city of Dasmariñas, Cavite, Ms. Dannah Bartolome is one driven and well-poised Caviteña beauty set to rock your world.

Dannah definitely is a young lady with her feet on the ground. "As a young child, I became aware that the real world is harsh and I need to stop being a kid and start acting like a real lady." Indeed, what a woman became; having the confidence to shoot with PLAYBOY and experiencing the thrill of being counted among PLAYBOY's Asian Beauties. "All I can say is that it was such an awesome experience!", she said. An avid fan of PLAYBOY, she explained her choice in shooting with us. "PLAYBOY aims for the real gentlemen, you know - men, not horny young boys stepping out of puberty and being all wild and aggressive." With a degree in Hotel and Restaurant Management, she plans on fulfilling her dream of becoming a Chef and owning her very own restaurant. It's no easy task but Dannah, like any PLAYBOY woman, is one extremely determined and intelligent beauty. Our Asian Beauty is not shy with her sensuality. When she's not busy pursuing her dreams of being a Chef and a Restaurateur she whiles away her time, "making mankind go crazy for me!"

Obviously a lady who doesn't like to mince words, when it comes to getting what she wants, like grabbing her man's attention: "I grab a guy's crotch and give him a naughty smile." When that doesn't work (although we can't think of any reason it won't) she cooks her specialty — Bicol Express — for the object of her affection; taking to heart the old adage "the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach." ... it not his crotch. "I'm my sexiest in my birthday suit." Dannah smiles. Clearly, she doesn't need any pointers on how to grab any man's interest. Needless to say, Dannah will always go far in getting what she wants out of life. She is a woman with a clear goal and the smarts to get what she wants when she wants it. Our December Asian Beauty is, indeed, out to make mankind go crazy for her. **Y**



St. John Baptist
De La Salle
Pray for us. Live
Jesus in our hearts
forever.
Amen

"I'M MY SEXIEST IN MY BIRTHDAY SUIT."

DANNAH SMILES. CLEARLY, SHE DOESN'T NEED ANY POINTERS ON HOW TO GRAB ANY MAN'S INTEREST.











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JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT'S ROLE AS TOM, A GREETING CARD WRITER WHO FALLS FOR AND CONSEQUENTLY LOSES FREE-SPIRITED AND SEEMINGLY CAPRICIOUS SUMMER FINN, PLAYED BY ZOOEY DESCHANEL, SOLIDIFIED OUR IMAGE OF THE NEW LEADING MAN — SLIGHTLY CHARMING, INDIE MUSIC FAN, AND CROW'S FEET IN HIS LATE 20'S. RAW AND REAL AND RELATABLE LIKE THE HIPSTER GUY BESIDE YOU ON THE MORNING COMMUTE. GORDON-LEVITT SPENT YEARS CHOOSING HIS PROJECTS CAREFULLY, VEERING AWAY FROM MAINSTREAM MOVIES. WHILE A SIMILAR DECISION LED TO A NUMBER OF ACTORS FADING INTO OBLIVION, HIS CHOICE OF PROJECTS ONLY HOISTED HIM TO A PINNACLE OF FAME. THESE DAYS, HE IS BEING MENTIONED UNDER THE SAME

BREATH AS HEATH LEDGER, WHOM HE RESEMBLES IN FILM AND, NOT STRANGELY, IN REAL LIFE.

JGL HAS HAD A PHENOMENAL YEAR, STARRING IN MOVIES SUCH AS *THE DARK KNIGHT RISES*, *LINCOLN*, *LOOPER* AND *PREMIUM RUSH*. WHILE HOLLYWOOD AND FANS ARE STILL ABUZZ WITH SPECULATION ABOUT THE ROLE HE WILL TAKE ON THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF THE BATMAN FRANCHISE, PLAYBOY GOT HIM TO TALK ABOUT HIS LOVE FOR INDIE FILMS, HIS FASCINATION FOR BIKES AND HOW HE COULD BE A THREAT TO LEBRON JAMES.

(BY FATIMA TORRES)

THE EARNEST INDIE ACTOR GETS SERIOUS ABOUT LIFE AS A CHILD STAR, GROWING UP WITH ACTIVIST PARENTS AND, OF COURSE, WHY WE ALL LOVE ZOOEY DESCHANEL

BY STEPHEN REBELLO

Q1

PLAYBOY: We're about to see you play a bike messenger chased by a twisted cop in the big-screen action thriller *Premium Rush*. Meanwhile, audiences are still arguing about whether *The Dark Knight Rises* is the best-ever *Batman* flick, and your profile has kept rising since you did *Inception* and *(500) Days of Summer*. Having acted in commercials and TV shows such as *3rd Rock From the Sun* since you were six and having made your 1992 movie debut at the age of 11 as Student #1 in *Beethoven*, do you look back on your childhood as a bit skewed?

GORDON-LEVITT: I wouldn't say I was a normal kid. I'd say I was a lucky little kid, because unfortunately it's not normal to have extraordinarily good parents who love and support you. I played baseball, did gymnastics, took piano lessons and started acting as just another one of the things I did. I wasn't pressured into it. But it was acting I loved. I had a really cool acting teacher who taught us how to become a character, to be realistic and feel those feelings, so I hated being expected to behave like an idiot in TV commercials because they seem to think that's what sells toys or whatever. I remember on *Beethoven* we weren't allowed to pet the dog because it would have distracted him. For a dog lover that was disappointing and weird.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Back then, just as now, you -never seemed to get caught up in any of the missteps that have turned many promising young actors into tabloid fodder. How?

GORDON-LEVITT: Being on TV when I was a teenager in high school was way harder than anything I've experienced since. It prepared me for what it is to work in pop culture. I've learned I have basically two different interactions with people. I love when someone approaches me and tells me they've seen me in something that made them feel something and that they connected to it. That's part of why I do it. The other interaction is with people who really don't care about the movies or anything like that. They just sort of buy -into the fame thing, and that feels icky to me.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Have you followed the political traditions of your grandfather Michael Gordon, a director who survived the 1950s blacklists; your father, who was news director of a politically progressive radio station; and your mother, who in 1970 ran for Congress on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket?

GORDON-LEVITT: My parents are political in that

they're well read and as up on the news as anybody I know. To me that is political activism, choosing to stay informed and not just watching CNN or some bullshit entertainment show. Every time I sit down and watch television news, I think, This is show business. That's what I do. I say, go on the internet and find news from all over the world through the BBC, the Pacifica stations, newspapers, people's blogs and tweets. It's so funny when people say Fox is bad. Sure Fox is bad, but I don't think CNN and MSNBC are really any better.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You've shot a number of short films, including one last year documenting Occupy Wall Street protesters in Zuccotti Park in New York. How closely does the mainstream media's coverage of that movement relate to what you filmed and experienced?

GORDON-LEVITT: Very little. What I've seen on TV focuses on the superficial stuff. It's a pretty simple notion: People who have lots of money—people in corporations who have tons of money—are -malevolently -manipulating the system to keep their money. And the rest of the world suffers for it. You could show a trillion examples of how Goldman Sachs, McDonald's, Walmart and Monsanto are clearly fucking over everybody, but CNN, Fox and MSNBC are owned by Fortune 500 companies, so they never show any of it.



Q5

PLAYBOY: Couldn't a detractor accuse you, a famous, privileged actor, of being one of the elites?

GORDON-LEVITT: I grew up in the 1990s, when it was considered cool to be excessively rich. That's what rappers rapped about, and later that's what Paris Hilton had a TV show about and what *MTV Cribs* was about. The Occupy movement is a pop culture happening that's saying money is not what's cool. What's cool is doing something worthwhile. If your goal is to make money in the movie industry, you make crappy movies, not good ones.

Q6

PLAYBOY: How did you make the rough transition from kid TV star to grown-up movie star?

GORDON-LEVITT: As a teenager in the 1990s I loved the spike of indie films coming through Sundance, and films like *Pulp Fiction*, *Big Night*, *Sling Blade*, *Trees Lounge* and *Swingers*. Had I said to my agents at the time that I wanted to do that stuff, they would have said, "You're making a ton of money doing TV, and that's what you're going to do." I went to school, quit acting for a while, and when I came back everyone wanted me to do another TV show and make more money. I didn't want to. I made a decision that I was going to do only work that inspired me creatively, not what was supposed to be good for my career.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Yet the work that inspires can also be commercial. The sweet, upbeat indie romance (*500 Days of Summer*) was a hit and turned you into a heartthrob.

GORDON-LEVITT: The (*500 Days of Summer*) attitude of "He wants you so bad" seems attractive to some women and men, especially younger ones, but I would encourage anyone who has a crush on my character to watch it again and examine how selfish he is. He develops a mildly delusional obsession over a girl onto whom he projects all these fantasies. He thinks she'll give his life meaning because he doesn't care about much else going on in his life. A lot of boys and girls think their lives will have meaning if they find a partner who wants nothing else in life but them. That's not healthy. That's falling in love with the idea of a person, not the actual person.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Are you actually slugging a movie that landed you on people's radar and made many of them fall in love with you and Zooey Deschanel as a screen couple?

GORDON-LEVITT: No, I really liked that movie. The coming-of-age story is subtly done, and that's great, because nothing's worse than an over-the-top, cheesy, hitting-you-over-the-head-with-a-hammer, moral-of-the-story sort of thing. But a part of the movie that's less talked about is that once Zooey's character dumps the guy, he builds himself up without the crutch of a fantasy relationship, and he meets a new girl.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your character in (*500 Days*) made extravagant gestures in the name of love. What kind of woman could make you do that?

GORDON-LEVITT: Making checklists of things you're looking for in a person is the numero uno thing you can do to guarantee you'll be alone forever. You can't meet someone and think, Do they have everything I want in a person? You just have to pay attention, keep your eyes open, listen to people and be present. I guess what I look for in a girl is

someone who's doing that too. Beyond that there's not much more I would specify, because you never fucking know, man.

Q10

PLAYBOY: You and Deschanel also made the music video "Why Do You Let Me Stay Here?" and a homemade one of you two singing the 1947 classic "What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?" How do you react when so many -people—judging from comments on the internet—want the two of you to get together romantically?

GORDON-LEVITT: It's awkward when people say that. -Whatever. Zooey and I just think it's funny. It is funny. We've been friends for 10 years. She loves movies, music and art, and she's incredibly knowledgeable about that stuff. She's turned me on to so many good movies and so much good music. It's fun just to have conversations, watch movies with her and stuff like that.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You've used YouTube and the internet a lot to express yourself. Is it as satisfying and creative an outlet as film?

GORDON-LEVITT: The internet's a fascinating thing because you can express yourself anonymously without any of the consequences. I've developed a lot of meaningful, creatively collaborative relationships with all sorts of people on the internet. I use Twitter a lot, and I have an open collaborative production company, hitRECORD, where I make art with people.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Are there any film genres you haven't done that you'd like to tackle? You're reportedly attached to a remake of *Little Shop of Horrors*.

GORDON-LEVITT: I would like to do a musical, if I could find a cool one. When Zooey and I danced in that video it was just us having a great time, just being ourselves. A song-and-dance role is closer to me personally than other characters I play.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Your grandfather Michael -Gordon directed some of the most popular romantic comedies and tearjerkers of the 1960s, with Doris Day, Rock Hudson and James Garner. Do you ever wish you were working in old-time Hollywood?

GORDON-LEVITT: No. Right now is without a doubt the most exciting time in human history. The ability to connect with one another, the technology of the internet and all that it's spawning, is doubtlessly the most fascinating thing that's ever happened. It's an incredibly exciting time to be alive, as a human being and especially as an artist. In the 20th century making movies, music or anything was a one-way thing, but creativity is always more of an interactive, back-and-forth, organic and progressive thing. We're going to get away from "Oh, I just get to listen to stories; I don't tell them" and "I just listen to music; I don't play or sing it." No, man! That's a terrible way to think about yourself. I think art is going to become more conversational, more of a dialogue, and a better, healthier thing for everybody.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Why do you think your *Dark Knight Rises* co-star Christian Bale called you an "intriguing guy"?

GORDON-LEVITT: We had a fucking great time every day working on that movie. I felt as though I'd transferred in for senior year and had a graduation celebration. You felt a huge sense of accomplishment and closure. Everyone on that movie did such good, dignified work. No one came to phone it in or just

cash a check.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Are you enough of a daredevil to tear through Manhattan traffic on a fixed-gear brakeless bicycle the way your terrorized bike messenger character does in *Premium Rush*?

GORDON-LEVITT: I'm really into bikes, actually, because I was paying attention to them doing *Premium Rush*. So when someone rides by with a cool setup that really fits them, I think, Oh wow, that looks nice. I live in a part of L.A. with quite a bike culture, and I bought a great bike, but I don't ride it as much as I'd like.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Does being an internet-savvy guy who has acted in a few high-tech, futuristic movies translate into being a -cutting-edge, gadget-buying guy offscreen?

GORDON-LEVITT: I'd say no. I will admit I like cameras. I have some that are -really nice. I like a beautiful guitar or piano, because I love music and musical instruments. I guess I do as much fetishizing as the average guy. Cars do not impress me. Whenever I see somebody with an extremely nice car, I'm like, What an idiot. It just looks so stupid.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You play Abraham Lincoln's son in Steven Spielberg's upcoming historical epic *Lincoln*, starring Daniel Day-Lewis.

GORDON-LEVITT: It's a ridiculously exciting movie to be part of. Daniel Day-Lewis has a unique, enormously inspiring process that's very immersive. I never heard his real voice or saw him out of costume. I met the president, I met my dad, but I never met Day-Lewis until we wrapped. As excited as I am about *Lincoln*, though, I'm honestly most excited about *Looper*.

Q18

PLAYBOY: That's the time-travel movie in which you're an assassin assigned to kill your future self, played by Bruce Willis. What personal or professional transgressions would you travel through time to fix?

GORDON-LEVITT: I wouldn't do that, but I'm a sucker for Rian Johnson's thing. He's the writer-director of *Looper*, and I also made *Brick* with him. He's a dear friend and a brilliant filmmaker—a great writer, a great mind. *Looper* brings all the exhilaration and chemical feelings you hope to get from an action sci-fi movie. But Rian has also come up with a concept that will tickle your intellect while he tells a sincere story about the cyclical nature of violence and how violence begets violence. I love going to a good movie more than anything, and this movie just hits it.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What's the best night out you've had recently?

GORDON-LEVITT: Questlove is a great drummer, but I saw him deejay recently. He could put on any record at all, but the art is in the sequence, reading the crowd and thinking, I know exactly the song to put on right now. To me that's the art form of the 21st century and creativity in general—being able to pick and choose from anything and make the right choice.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You replaced James Franco in *Inception* and James McAvoy in *50/50*. Which other famous Jameses are you out to replace?

GORDON-LEVITT: [Laughs] That's funny. LeBron better look out.





"I decided to wear my stockings rather than hang them over the fireplace."



Photography By:
Sasha Eisenman
Featuring:
Jaime Edmonson



Carnal Knowledge

By Kim Anami

THE ANCIENT GREEKS CALLED IT HYSTERIA. TODAY WE CALL IT “NOT GETTING ANY.” A SEX COACH REPORTS ON HER LIFE’S WORK: CURING THE “EPIDEMIC” OF SEXUALLY UNFULFILLED FEMALES

Nicola sat crumpled in a corner, rarely saying anything. She was wearing jeans, a frumpy gray T-shirt, running shoes and sport socks. When she finally spoke, she said she felt stuck in her life and that even simple tasks were daunting. She choked back tears, zigzagging from silent to seething. She seemed about to explode.

Later, she did.

When we met for an intimacy-coaching session, Nicola revealed that she and her partner were married and did not like having sex with each other. As Nicola told her story, she was emotionally erratic: laughing one moment, then crying—up, down, up, down. The fluctuations were so dramatic that I thought to myself, She’s hysterical—and severely underfucked.

Physicians over the past 2,000 years would agree. The word *hysteria* has Latin roots and means, literally, “womb dis-ease.” Since the third century B.C. the term has been used to define the condition of female sexual deprivation. The symptoms range from nervousness, depression, mood swings, irritability and loss of sexual appetite to a general tendency to “cause trouble.”

The treatment for the affliction, which was administered for millennia, was a vigorous massage of the clitoris performed by a doctor—a treatment designed to bring on “hysterical paroxysm,” or what we today call orgasm. However, over time, the number of women suffering from *hysteria* became so great and the treatment so labor intensive that doctors, rather than delighting in the task, sought to delegate it to midwives. By 1952 the American Psychiatric Association dropped the term *hysteria* for being ambiguous and later replaced it with the equally ambiguous female *sexual dysfunction*, or FSD. I prefer to call this ailment SUF (severely underfucked).

As a modern-day sex coach, I estimate that at least 75 percent of women suffer from this problem. I have devoted my professional life to curing it. When women are well fucked, they—and everyone else in their lives—benefit. Although we commonly think the word *libido* refers just to our sexual drive, psychoanalysts Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung defined it as being our “life force” energy. It affects everything we do. Here, illustrated through real-life scenarios with my patients (the names have been changed), are the five most common SUF symptoms and the remedies that made them disappear.

PATHOLOGIA ONE:

Nymphomania nervosa, or fear of sluttiness

Jason and Penelope had been dating for a year. During a weekend

getaway they got very drunk at a party. This led to backyard sex, balcony sex, lights-on sex, cock--slapping-Penelope’s-face sex. Jason was thrilled. He felt they’d reached a new level in their relationship.

When they returned to the city, Jason was swamped with work. Penelope called on Monday. Jason got distracted and didn’t call her that day or the next. Two days later, when he did call, Penelope was furious. She accused him of thinking she was a tramp, of using her, of having no respect for her. Jason was bewildered. He felt that they were in a great place, that all was well.

It wasn’t.

Penelope had allowed herself to be deeply sexually open with Jason. That left her feeling vulnerable. She needed reassurance that he still respected her and didn’t think any less of her. Although things have gotten easier for women, the residue of the madonna-versus-whore dichotomy remains: Nice girls don’t do naughty things. Thus, both women and men must take conscious steps to make it okay for women to be the naturally voracious creatures they are.

In my sessions with Jason and Penelope, I recommended that they do two things: (1) Create a no-slut zone. I told them both to banish the word slut from their vocabulary. If Jason labeled other women sluts in Penelope’s presence (or in his mind), did he think she would be willing to 69 with him and be filmed while she did it? Nope. (2) Be even more attentive. Call. Text. When a couple starts breaking through sexual barriers, it can be a vulnerable time for the woman.

Jason did these things, and Penelope relaxed. It was safe for her to let go. Everything about her lit up. She could let herself be ravished, and she appeared ravishing.

PATHOLOGIA TWO:

Dominatrix turbulentus, or taming of the shrew

Chelsea was a type-A physician who ran her own clinic, working 14-hour days and overseeing six other doctors. She bullied everyone in her life, from her office staff to her husband, Mark, who tried to please her until they were both fed up with his tiptoeing around.

In a one-on-one session with me, Chelsea related that she’d once had a brief extramarital affair during which she’d had hours-long sex for days at a time. During this period other people told her she seemed calm and pleasant. She stopped having arguments with sales clerks. Her road rage evaporated.

The contrast was clear. My diagnosis: Chelsea needed to be not only

fucked often but fucked hard.

I coached Mark to take a more dominant stance with her. I told him that she would respond to a partner who could pin her wrists above her head while prying her legs open with his knee and growling into her ear how he would fuck her senseless. I advised Mark, "When you feel her subside even a bit, throw her over your shoulder and take her to the bed, the couch, the desk. Take her you must. Do not hesitate."

The caveat? "No" always means "no." However, a "may be" means she just isn't convinced yet that her partner can handle her. His assertiveness will convince her. It worked. Once Chelsea saw that Mark could wrangle her feistiness, she relented and received what she craved most.

PATHOLOGIA THREE:

frigus, or frozen out

Christine had a difficult time jumping into sex with her husband, Charlie. He complained that she was resistant to sex much of the time. "I can't become intimate right away," she said. "I need warming up." To Christine this meant expressing her feelings, but because they had sex so rarely, Charlie didn't feel connected enough to open up.

As I explained to Charlie, there is more than one way to penetrate a woman. A man's cock is one. His hands, mouth, words, wit—all register high as instruments of pleasure. Well-fucked women are stimulated from every angle: physical, emotional and mental. Emotional intercourse and "mind fucking" keep things simmering between the physical acts.

I recommended that Charlie and Christine set aside 30 minutes four to five times a week to reconnect on an emotional level. "Remember," I said, "this isn't the time for small talk. Don't debrief the effluvia of your day." I advised them to go deeper and really penetrate each other.

They bought a hot tub and put it in their backyard. Several evenings a week they convened under the stars. One morning, when I asked how they were doing, Christine exclaimed, "I feel like I've been fucked five times!"

And they hadn't even kissed. That came later, and when it came, so did they.

"There's something about being in the darkness and not even being able to see the other person that allows us to say anything to each other," said Christine. Charlie nodded. "Our hot tub saved our relationship," he said.

PATHOLOGIA FOUR:

Ecstasis frustratus, or "I'm busy"

Allison claimed not to enjoy sex anymore. "I used to," she said. "In other relationships, 'normal' would be having sex three or four



*Men are like
fire—quick to
ignite and quick
to extinguish.
Women are like
water—slow to
boil but keep on
boiling*

times a week. I hate to admit it, but lately I avoid sex with Jeremy." When Jeremy wanted it, Allison was always "too busy"—staying late at work, doing laundry, getting a root canal.

As Allison and I began coaching sessions, she revealed that Jeremy had little stamina in bed. Before she was even close to orgasm, Jeremy was finished. A woman whose man repeatedly bails on her in bed experiences the sexual equivalent of a hit-and-run. She feels abandoned, and she is unable to open to him.

There's an old Taoist expression: Sexually speaking, men are like fire—quick to ignite and quick to extinguish. Women are like water—slow to boil but keep on boiling. The trick is for both sexes to meet in between. Men must master prolonging their arousal, and women have to learn to remain in the simmer zone.

I worked with Jeremy to build his stamina—something that's easy but takes focus. The solution? Just breathe. Most men hold their breath and tighten their body as they approach orgasm. Instead, they should try rhythmic, steady breathing throughout arousal. I told Jeremy to let himself build to orgasm without holding back. When he reached a seven out of 10—getting close but not in danger of going over the edge—I recommended that he pause and make sure he was breathing, unclenching every part of his body. Then I told him to subside to a five and repeat for several rounds before allowing himself to ejaculate.

Within a short while Jeremy was able to choose when to climax. Allison didn't need any more root canals.

PATHOLOGIA FIVE:

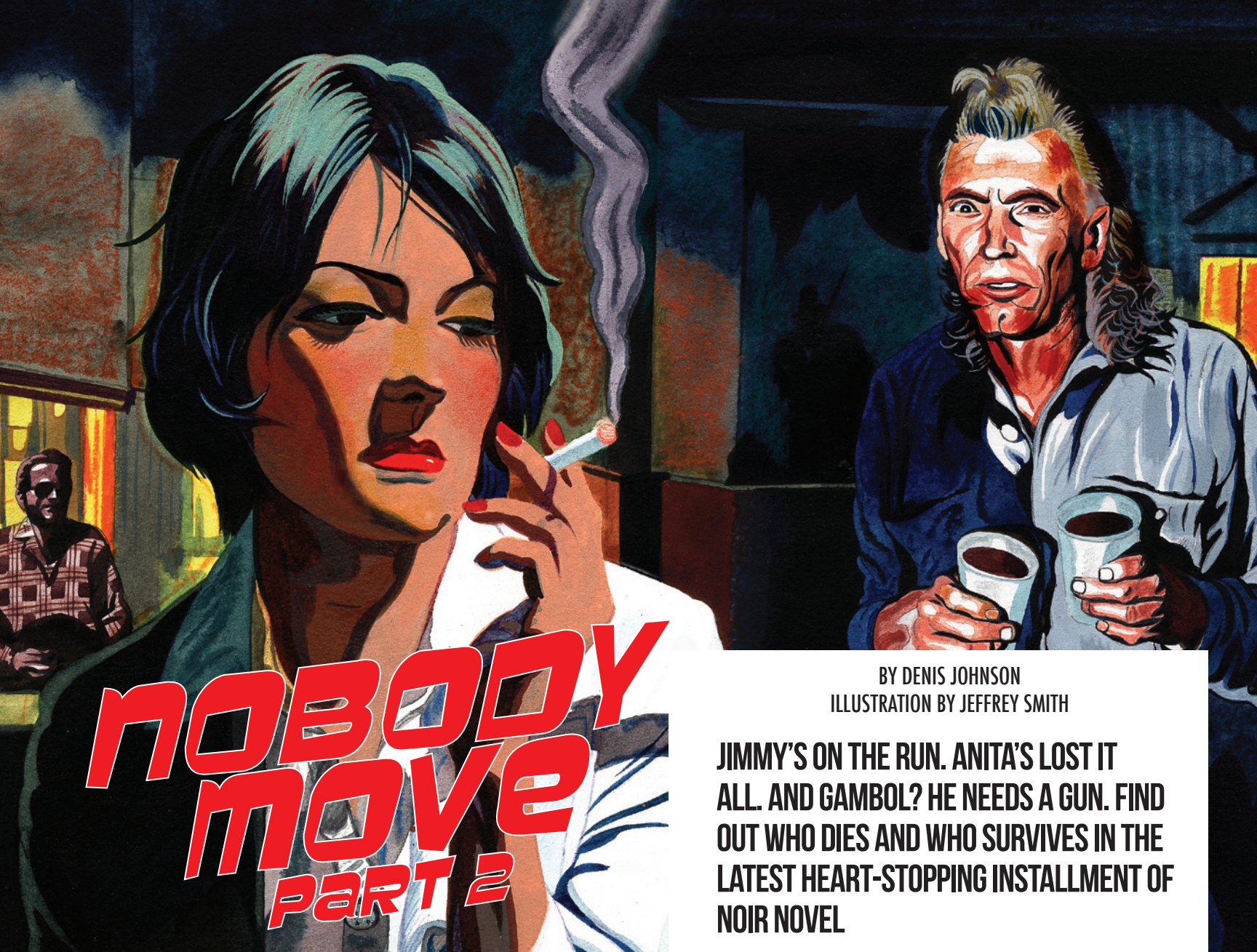
Hysteria affectus, or emotional roller coaster

Remember Nicola from the beginning of our story, the most underfucked woman in the world? Nicola had a case of classical hysteria: all the symptoms rolled into one unruly package. In addition to prescribing the sexual medicine indicated for the other pathologies (a steady diet of orgasm, whether she was alone or not), I set Nicola up with a new and exciting exercise program: vaginal weight lifting.

Many women have dissociated from their sexual energy. As a result, they've dissociated from their vaginas. The ancient (yet very modern; there is a world record for the sport) art of strengthening the pelvic floor—using a system of light weights attached to what is essentially a dildo—boosts sexual confidence, increases orgasmic potential and reconnects a woman with her genitals. Plus, her newfound power endows her with the unique ability to make her lover ejaculate or not with the power of her vagina alone. It puts Kegels to shame.

After a few months of lifting household furniture with her vagina (an exaggeration but only a slight one), combined with sex dates and more open communication, Nicola was on her way to being a well-fucked woman. And it showed.





BY DENIS JOHNSON
ILLUSTRATION BY JEFFREY SMITH

JIMMY'S ON THE RUN. ANITA'S LOST IT ALL. AND GAMBOL? HE NEEDS A GUN. FIND OUT WHO DIES AND WHO SURVIVES IN THE LATEST HEART-STOPPING INSTALLMENT OF NOIR NOVEL

Jimmy Luntz woke at the Log Inn Motel and spent 20 minutes sitting upright in his bed, smoking a Camel and staring at the woman asleep beside him. Just watching her breathe. Very gently he lifted the covers. She was dark-skinned all the way down. "Oh, that's right," he said, "you're an Indian."

The woman didn't stir. He carried his shaving kit into the bathroom. Before he emptied his bladder he fished the woman's cell phone out of the toilet and set it on top of the tank. Anita. She hadn't told him her last name. He took his time shaving, grooming, getting good. He couldn't remember the last time he'd awakened beside an unfamiliar woman. As for one this -good-looking—never. He came out naked and found her wide awake, sitting on the bed's edge. Also naked. Holding a revolver in one hand. With the other hand she held up a credit card. "What's this?" "Wow," he said, "you tell me." "What is it?" "It looks like American Express," he said. "Wow." "You said your name was Franklin." "Well, it's not." "It's Ernest Gambol." "It's not that, either." "Then what is your name, if you don't mind my asking, since we recently fucked, and all." "Jimmy Luntz." "Who's Ernest Gambol?" "Gambol is a great big asshole."

"As big an asshole as you?" "Bigger. Just my opinion." "In my opinion, the asshole is the one who steals the wallet." "The thing about a gun," Luntz said, "is it can just go off." "I'm not pointing it at you." "I'm talking about this other gun." "What other gun?" "The one I shot Gambol with." She closed her knees together and dropped Gambol's American Express and took hold of the blanket and pulled it over her crotch. "Now it's pointing at you." "You don't have to tell me. That's all I can look at, is that gun." "That's what I thought yesterday. I saw you at the Feather River, remember? I thought, Hey, that guy has a gun. Then— -sploosh. No more gun." "I saw you, too." She aimed her weapon at him a long time without speaking. She stood up. Luntz stepped backward until his shoulders collided with the wall. With her purse in one hand and her gun in the other she headed for the can and shut the door behind her. The lock clicked. Luntz heard the shower start. He let the air out of his lungs. He lit up and smoked half a Camel, inhaling smoke with every breath. With the cigarette clamped in his lips he went on his hands and knees and pulled Gambol's white duffel bag from under the bed and opened it. He found his last clean set of socks and underwear. He didn't

touch Gambol's shotgun. He got on his socks and shorts and opened his door and tossed the last burning inch of his cigarette into the parking lot and observed a county squad car pulling up to the motel's office. A green Caprice, mid-'90s. Luntz sat on the bed and wrapped himself in his own arms and closed his eyes and sat there shaking his head. As soon as the knocking came he started for the door, but three feet short of it he stopped. He cleared his throat and said, "Who is it?" "Sheriff's deputy." "Two seconds." Luntz put his hand on the doorknob and bowed his head and waited for a thought that didn't arrive. Four more knocks. He opened the door and said, "Good morning!" to a young guy in uniform. "Good morning. Mr. Franklin, right? How are you?" "Me?" Luntz said. "Better and better." "That's good. Do you know anything about a Cadillac parked over there at the airstrip?" "No. A Cadillac?" "There's a Cadillac Brougham parked over there, and Mr. Nabilah tells me you checked in without a car." "Me? Yeah. No. I mean, that's right. Who's Mr. Nabilah?" "The manager. He thought it might be your Caddy over there." "Right. Oh. Yeah." "And it looks like blood on the left rear tire, lotta blood. Did you maybe hit a dog?"

"No. It's not my car. I don't have a car."
 "There's a hole in the left rear quarter panel. Looks like a bullet hole."
 "For goodness sake," Luntz said.
 "Can I see some ID?"
 "ID? Sure. Gee. Where's my pants?"
 At that moment Anita came out of the bathroom wrapped in a towel, her black hair slicked back, and flashed a smile that would have blown the doors off Jesus Christ. "Deputy Rabbit!"
 "That's me," the deputy said, and -then—"Oh. -Mrs...."
 "Right, it's still Mrs. Desilvera," she said. "For six more months."
 "Oh, right," the deputy said, "that's your Camaro out there. I mean, it looked like it. I -mean—yeah. That's your car." He turned to look at her car, which was parked sideways across three spaces behind him.
 "All mine. Is there a -problem?"
 "No problem. I was just checking about this Caddy out there at the airstrip. If nobody claims it, I'll have to get it towed."
 "Tow it to the moon," Luntz said. "It ain't my car."
 "He's with me," Anita said.
 "Okay, that clears things up a little. Thanks."
 "Glad to help," Anita said. "Can I get dressed?"
 "That's fine," the deputy said.
 "Are you going to watch?"
 "Oh!" he said and laughed. "All righty. Have a nice day, folks."
 Luntz said, "You too," and shut the door in his face and sat down on the bed.
 Anita dropped her towel and stepped into her skirt. Luntz stared at her breasts.
 She got her bra fastened. "That was Deputy Rabbit."
 "Maybe his first name is Jack, huh?"
 "Deputy Rabbit conducted my firearms training class."
 "You actually have a carry permit or something?"
 "I did. But it's revoked." She found her blouse on the floor. "Deputy Rabbit was talking about your Caddy."
 "It's not my Caddy."
 "It was your Caddy when I saw you throw that gun in the Feather River."
 "I just borrowed it."
 "The gun? Or the car?"
 "Both."
 "What did you say your name was?"
 "Jimmy."
 "Can I borrow the Cadillac, Jimmy?"
 "What's wrong with that Camaro of yours?"
 "Too many people know it."
 "Like Deputy Rabbit, you mean."
 "Can I have the keys?"
 "The door's unlocked," he said. "I put the keys under the floor mat. But I wouldn't advise driving around in that thing."
 "Is it stolen?"
 "Not legally, I guess. Gambol doesn't deal with the police."
 "Gambol? I thought you shot him."
 "He didn't die."
 "Is he running around looking for it?"
 "Probably not. Not yet. If he is, he's running around on one leg."
 Luntz stared while she sat on the bed and stuck her toes into the legs of her panty hose and stood up straight and hiked her skirt and wiggled her underwear all the way on. She dropped the hem and smoothed her skirt. One at a time she kicked her black pumps into position on the floor and worked her feet into them. She got on her coat and opened the door.
 "Wait a minute," Luntz said. "I want to talk to you. I mean, about last night."
 "What was your name again?"
 "Jimmy Luntz. I had a good time last night."

"It was kind of a fluke, Jimmy."
 "I get that. Yeah. But maybe we could have coffee or something."
 Leaving the front door ajar, she went into the john and came back and handed him her cell phone.
 "Hang on to this phone. If it still works, maybe I'll call you."
 She gave him a little salute and walked out, and he sat there holding her phone in his hand for 10 minutes.
 After 10 minutes he set the cell phone aside, clapped his hands together twice and stood up. He got dressed and got his gear together. He had no jacket other than his white tuxedo. He put it on and pocketed the cell phone. He picked up Gambol's duffel by the handle and looked around for anything he might have forgotten. A knock came at the door. He opened it quickly. It wasn't Anita.
 Two very clean-cut men stood side by side in the doorway, one of them holding up a badge. "We're with the Federal Bureau of Investigation."
 Luntz said, "Wow."
 The man put his badge away and told Luntz both their names, but Luntz didn't hear.
 "Wow," he said. "For a second I thought you were Jehovah Witness people."
 "Can I ask your name, sir?"
 "Franklin. But listen—I'm about to hop on a bus. I'm late."
 "Where's Mrs. Desilvera, Mr. Franklin?"
 "Mrs. who?"
 "The lady staying here with you."
 "Oh. I didn't get her last name. Just her first."
 "Are you two pretty good friends?"
 "They're on a first-name basis," the other one said.
 "I just met her last night."
 "Yes. We're aware of that."
 The other one said, "What's in your bag? Two million dollars?"
 "What?"
 "Didn't she tell you she's sitting on a pile of other people's money?"
 "We barely got introduced."
 "We understand that," the nicer one said. "Did she say where she was going?"
 "No, sir. Destination unknown."
 "Let me tell you what this is about, Mr. Franklin. In just a few days your friend will plead guilty to embezzling two point three million dollars." He waited for a reaction and seemed satisfied with Luntz's speechlessness.
 "You didn't know about it?" the other one said.
 "No, sir. No. Embezzlement—that's a federal thing, huh?"
 "She'll plead guilty to state charges. But until the money goes back where it belongs, we're very interested in her. Federal charges aren't out of the question. Can you show us some identification?" Luntz dug out his driver's license and handed it over.
 "I thought you said your name was Franklin."
 "Yeah—but that's when I didn't know who you were."
 "I told you who we were."
 "Oh," Luntz said, "that's correct. I guess I got confused. I thought you guys were Jehovah Witnesses."
 "Really?"
 "Look, I have to catch a bus south in fifteen minutes. I mean, now it's ten -minutes."
 "When will you be seeing Mrs. Desil-vera again?"
 "Never. I got the impression it was, you know—a fluke."
 "A fluke."
 "That's the description I'm giving it."
 "What's in the bag? That's not her bag, is it?"
 "It's mine. It's my luggage, is all."
 "I bet you wish it was her luggage."
 "So she still has the money, huh?"
 "Was she carrying anything, Mr. Luntz?"
 "You mean like a satchel with a big old dollar sign

on it?"
 Neither of them laughed.
 "Just a purse," Luntz said. "About yay big."
 "You mind if we look around the room?"
 "Help yourself. I'm all checked out. And I'm really late, so—yeah. Okay if I get moving?"
 "That'll be fine. We'll make a note of your name, Mr. Luntz."
 "Okay. I sure hope I make that bus."
 They stepped aside for him, and the nicer one said, "Good luck."
 "I was born lucky."
 Luntz set out at a good pace without a backward glance. He had no idea where he was going.
 In his pocket, the cell phone started ringing.
 •
 Gambol closed his eyes. He felt his head nodding forward and rode a Ferris wheel down into violent cartoons.
 He shivered, but he didn't feel cold. When he shivered, the pain filled his right leg.
 "I want another shot."
 "Not for two more hours," the woman said. "This isn't an opium den."
 He opened his eyes. He wore a frilly blue nylon robe. Probably the woman's.
 "Where's my clothes?"
 "How many times are you going to ask me that?"
 "Fuck you."
 "Your stuff went out with the rest of the bloody trash."
 Gambol's head drooped, and he looked down into Jimmy Luntz's face.
 •

The landscape had that blond central--valley look. Some pine trees. Oaks. Orchards. Farmland. Sunny and still. They drove south in the Caddy past Oroville, looking for a shopping mall. The speed signs said 65. Luntz stayed legal. He kept his window cracked to suck his cigarette smoke away from Anita's face.
 Luntz said, "Dude who worked in a casino in Vegas told me about this hippie. This hippie comes in out of the desert night, creeps into the casino all scraggly in his huarache sandals and tie-dye shirt and Hindu balloon pants, and he goes to the roulette table and reaches into this little pouch tied to his belt and comes up with one U.S. quarter. Lays the quarter on black. Little ball comes down on twenty-two black. He lets it ride, doubles again, switches to red, doubles his dollar, takes his dollar to the blackjack and wins ten in a row, doubling every time. Ten in a row. True story. One thousand and twelve dollars. He pulls his chips and heads for the craps and starts betting with the shooter, double whatever the shooter bets. Inside of two hours the house is clocking his action and he's comped with free meals and he's drunk on free booze, and he's still at the craps, with a crowd around him, betting a couple hundred a throw. By three A.M. he's stacked up over three grand off an initial investment of twenty-five cents. And suddenly, in four or five big bets, all gone—he busts out. Stands there thinking a minute...folks around him watching.... He stands there.... Everybody's shouting, 'One more quarter! One more quarter!' Old hippie shakes his head. Staggers back out into the desert after one hell of a night in a Vegas casino. A night they're still talking about. Total cost was twenty-five cents. A night he'll never forget."
 "For a person who doesn't drink coffee," Anita said, "you sure run your mouth."
 "It keeps me from thinking about things."
 "Like what?"
 "Like who you are and what the fuck you want."
 •
 Cigarette smoke in his nostrils woke Gambol, and he coughed, and the woman said, "Sorry," waving it away.
 "Lots of folks are quitting these days."

"What century are you in, guy? I'm the last smoker on earth."
 "How long have I been here?"
 "You don't remember yesterday?"
 "When was yesterday?"
 "You were walking and talking."
 "Walking?"
 "And swearing. In a real creative style. I poked my head into that culvert, and you hopped right up and walked right to my car. Then," she said, "I couldn't get you out of the car. I had to do the whole thing in the backseat. Debrided the wound and all the rest. The backseat of a Chevy Lumina is not the place for that."
 Gambol closed his eyes. "I feel like I weigh ten tons."
 "You lost a lot of blood. A lot. I scored one liter of plasma. Nothing else but glucose and water."
 "Feels like he shot me through the bone."
 "He missed the bone. Or you'd be in the ER right now getting your leg saved and probably talking to a detective."
 "I don't talk to detectives."
 "And he missed the big artery, or you'd be dead."

At the Time Out Lounge in the Oroville Mall they sat in the rearmost booth, and Jimmy only stared at her, never sipping once from his Coke. She took a long swallow of vodka and Seven and said, "Oh well... was I on TV again?"
 "How did you steal two point three million bucks?"
 "Didn't the TV tell you? You run a bond election for a new high school, you float the loan, turn on the computers, transfer it here and there—zip, all yours."
 "That's greedy."
 "Then the money gets missed right away, and the list of suspects is extremely short. Then somebody gets arrested."
 "Well," he said.
 "Well what?"
 "I guess you were greedy enough to take it but not mean enough to frame an asshole. Excuse my language," he added, "but where I come from that's what they call the guy who gets sacrificed—the asshole."
 She laughed without feeling amused. "There was definitely an asshole," she said.
 "If you've got it stashed, you're doing it right, wandering around acting broke. That's doing it right. But if you've got it, why don't you just disappear?"
 "For one thing, I'm due in court to enter a plea and take a deal. Probation and lifelong restitution. If I miss that date, the judge'll void the deal and max me out. That's six years at least."
 "Kind of a long time to wait to spend your two million."
 "Have you lost count already? Two point three."
 "What's a point or three among friends?"
 "I haven't got any friends. And I haven't got the money. I just know who has it and how to get it."
 No comment from Mr. Jimmy.
 "Doesn't that interest you?"
 "You're interesting every way there is."

This Jimmy was your basic bus--station javelina but a nice enough guy. He insisted on giving her two Ben Franklin hundreds before they left the lounge.
 "You're with me now."
 "That's not established."
 "By 'now' I just mean now—right this second. That gets you at least a couple hundred."
 He led her into JCPenney, where he stacked generic-looking items on one of his arms and went into the dressing room wearing his shiny black pants and white tuxedo and came out in chinos and a Pendleton.
 "Where's your fancy threads?"
 "On the floor in there. I shed those babies like a sunburn."

"You're fast."
 "These days, life is fast."
 She picked out a JCPenney pantsuit, a JCPenney blouse, a JCPenney skirt and the cheapest underwear they had. While Jimmy stood around waiting for her she sat in the dressing room momentarily naked with these latest humiliations at her feet and rage in her heart. JCPenney.
 She changed into the pantsuit, gray pinstripe, and made sure she had her shoulders back and her smile on before she swept aside the curtain. "Does it fit?"
 He stared, and then he went for his Camels and put one between his lips, realized where he was, dropped the cigarette into his shopping bag. "It fits."
 "You're sweet," she said, and she sort of meant it. But not as a compliment. "You're homeless, right?"
 "I have a home. I'm just not going back there, is all."
 "So right in that shopping bag is everything you own."
 "Everything I need."

"I GUESS YOU WERE GREEDY ENOUGH TO TAKE IT BUT NOT MEAN ENOUGH TO FRAME AN ASSHOLE. EXCUSE MY LANGUAGE," HE ADDED, "BUT WHERE I COME FROM THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THE GUY WHO GETS SACRIFICED—THE ASSHOLE."

"And your white canvas bag—what's in that one?"
 "Everything else I need."
 "I know what's in it. A sawed-off shotgun."
 He seemed completely unsurprised. "It's not a sawed-off. It's a pistol grip. And it isn't mine."
 "I peeked in the bag while you were in the shower."
 "You zipped it up real nice," he said. "Good for you."

Jimmy Luntz drove the Caddy north. He watched the dial and kept under the limit. Again they passed through the blond country. Some vineyards here and there, lots of vineyards. Either vineyards or orchards with very small trees. He asked her if those were vineyards.
 "What do you care? Are you a wino?" Anita drank from an extra-large Sprite in a go cup, doctoring it with vodka.
 Orchards. A roadside stand selling Asian pears spelled asiain pears. Then higher country, the road winding. They lost the jazz station. He found another, just geezer rock. Tight curves, tall pines and geezer rock. "Is that the Feather River?"
 By way of answer, she took a swig and coughed.
 "Hell of a lot of trees," he said.
 "That's why they call it the forest. I hope we're not going camping."
 "We are if I can't find this place before dark."
 "Look, Jimmy—who is this guy?"
 "I knew him in Alhambra."
 "Is that a prison?"
 "It's a city a few hundred miles from here. In your

state. California."
 She pushed the button and her window came down and the wind thudded in the car as she pitched her empty and listened for the small musical sound of the bottle shattering behind them.
 "You're nice," he said, "when you're sober."
 "Have you ever seen me sober?"
 "I think I did for about a minute."
 She lay her head back on the headrest and closed her eyes.
 Luntz turned down the radio and kept his eyes going left and right, looking for a building, a sign, anything.
 After a while she opened her eyes. "What's the plan?"
 "So far the plan is I can't go back and I can't stay here. That's the plan so far."
 "You know what I mean. What's the plan?"
 Luntz stalled for 20 seconds, starting a cigarette. He set his lighter on the console between them. "I think if you're looking for a gunslinger, you better keep looking."
 "You said you shot Gambol."
 "Only in the leg. I should've put two more in his head, just in proper observance of the rules. Instead I took pity. You don't want a guy with pity in his heart."
 "I'd like to know what the plan is."
 "I didn't say yes yet. Let's sit down with a paper and pen and map out the pros and cons."
 "Great."
 "Don't say great yet. Say great when I say yes."
 "I just hope I chose the right guy." When Luntz said nothing, she added, "Don't be insulted."
 "I'm not insulted. I just think it's bullshit for you to act like you had a choice."

The woman was what they called a hefty blonde, in jeans and a sweatshirt and big pink fuzzy slippers. She smoked cigarettes and watched crime shows and fake judges on TV while Gambol nodded out and watched cartoons in his head. She laughed a lot at the shows, and when she laughed it woke him up, and he watched her.
 He said, "Where's the vet?"
 "Vet?"
 "Juarez said he knew a vet could fix me."
 "A vet, huh? I guess that's me," she said.
 "What kind of animals? Large? Like cattle? Or small like pets?"
 She laughed, took a drink from her glass—some kind of booze—and set it down and lit a cigarette.
 "I'm a veteran. I was an Army nurse for twenty-one years, three months and six days. Dealt with lots of combat trauma." She exhaled straight upward to avoid blowing smoke in his face. "I'm a veteran. Not a veterinarian."
 "What's your name, lady?"
 "Mary. What's yours?"
 "Fuck you."
 "That's what I thought."
 He nodded off and shot Luntz four times in the crotch, waited while he suffered and then left him with two in the head.

In the last light they parked the Caddy and got out. Behind the building the ground sloped toward a tiny shantytown by the river, half a dozen trailers, pickup trucks, a couple motorcycles. She asked him if this was some sort of gang hideout, and he said it was the Feather River Tavern, that's all.
 They entered a large cafe with a torn-up floor and secondhand tables and a view of spectacular cottonwoods dropping their seed tufts on the river in the dusk, and the trailers.
 Jimmy glanced at the man behind the counter and said "Wow" and sat down at a table with his back to the counter. "Sit there," he told Anita.
 She sat across from him. "Is that him?"
 "He's not the one I want." Jimmy sat touching his fingertips together. "He looking?"

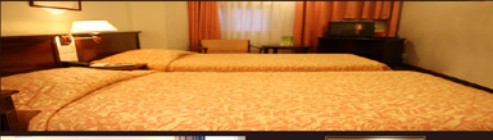
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"No."

Jimmy glanced over his shoulder at the man once more, quickly, and said, "Okay, I'll hit the head. Ask him about selling a Harley. Like we've got a bike to sell. Don't mention any names."

"He's coming over."

Jimmy stood. "Get me a Coke, okay?" He touched her arm with two fingers as he walked past her. The other man approached. He was slumped and bony, and the knees of his jeans brushed together as he walked. "Got a special today. Trout." He wore a red headband around a shaggy gray mullet.

"Maybe just a couple Cokes, please."

Behind the counter he opened two cans and poured them into glasses with ice, all the while looking at her with something other than the hunger of a man. Something more like envy. After she'd reached puberty her mother had looked at her like that. He brought her the Cokes and set them down, each with a cocktail napkin. His fingers were long, the fingernails too. On his left ring finger he wore a large turquoise.

Anita said, "I have a Harley I might like to sell. Do you know anybody who could point me in the right direction?"

"John's out back. He'd be the one."

She sipped her Coke and wished for vodka. Jimmy came back from the can, hiding his face by wiping his nose with a paper towel, and sat down across from Anita again. "What did he say?"

"He said John's out back."

"That's the one I want."

He tossed down a five, and they left their Cokes and cocktail napkins and went out the front way and around the side of the building. Jimmy headed down the slope. She removed her high heels and followed, taking each step toes-first and dangling the pumps from the fingers of either hand. Beside a teardrop aluminum trailer, a bearded biker in denim overalls sat on a flat-back chair, messing with an old guitar, the guitar flat on his lap and his head bent low. He didn't raise his head from this operation but said, "Getting too dark to see this shit."

Jimmy said, "Can you actually play that thing, Jay? I didn't know that."

"Got to get the strings in it first."

Jimmy said nothing more. The man raised his head. He placed his hands flat on his guitar. "I think what I want to say right here is 'What is the meaning of this?'"

Jimmy took a white handkerchief from his back pocket, spread it on the trailer's step, seated himself and said, "First of all."

The biker looked Anita over and then turned facing Jimmy and said nothing.

Jimmy said, "I'm not out to snitch on anybody, that's the first thing. All secrets remain completely secret."

"So far so good."

"This is Anita. This is my friend Jay Capra."

The man rose halfway and said to Anita, "You want to sit down?" She shook her head. He sat back down and held the guitar gently in his lap. "It's a strange world."

"Did you notice Santa Claus stopping by here one time last spring? That guy we call Santa Claus?"

"With the white beard."

"Works in a mall every Christmas."

"I saw him," Capra said. "I didn't think he saw me."

"Yeah. He did. He mentioned this place."

"Say hi to him next time."

"No," Luntz said, "no next time for me."

Capra kept quiet.

Jimmy placed his elbows on his knees and leaned forward. "Who's that dude in there, Capra? In the cafe. That's Sally Fuck."

"Just possibly. If so, his name would be Sol Fuchs. He's against being called Fuck. But the thing is—last names, man." Capra plucked one of the strings and turned a key on the instrument's neck and tightened

it to a whine. "This is a pretty fucked-up situation. We're incognito here, you know?"

"All of us. All of us."

Anita held out her hand and said, "Anita Desilvera. And this is my friend Jimmy Luntz."

Capra took her hand gently and said, "Okay. Now all our dicks are hanging out."

"Pleased and charmed."

Capra laughed. He stopped laughing. "Fucking Santa Claus. Who else knows?"

"Whoever he told. Nobody believed him."

"You did."

"Not really. But I'm in a wild mood, so I'm taking any long shot, anything looks like action."

"What do you need, Jimmy?"

"Remember that time I let you stay with me and Shelly?"

"I owe you, Jimmy. That's a fact."

"We need to hunker down a minute. Get some options figured out."

Capra tangled his fingers in his beard and yanked at it. "How many days? I hope it's days, man, and not weeks."

"I don't know."

"Don't matter none. I owe you, and that's a fact. But it's Sol's place, not mine. All I can do is talk to Sol."

Anita said, "Till next Wednesday."

"Wednesday's probably acceptable." Capra stood and set his guitar down on the seat of his chair and started up the hill. By now it was dark.

At the bottom of the staircase up the building's side Jimmy waited while she brushed the soles of her feet and put her shoes on, and then they climbed behind Capra up to the small landing. Capra worked a key and let them in and flipped a wall switch. A bed, a stove, a fridge. Wooden floor with the finish scratched off. For a curtain, a bedsheet. "You can eat in the restaurant for the usual price, or you can make a list and I'll bring you shit from the store in a box. It's up to you. I'll get Sol to go along as far as Wednesday."

From beneath them Anita felt the gigantic quiet of the empty establishment downstairs. "Is the restaurant closed?"

"Open for business. But most of the folks who come here are down in Bolinas for the biker convention."

Capra looked her up and down and seemed to examine her face carefully. "So what happens Wednesday?"

"Wednesday I go to court."

"Yeah. I know you."

"Nobody knows me."

"You're slightly infamous."

"All lies," Anita said.

"Sol" Jimmy said. "John Capra didn't die."

"Nope. My old lady wanted alimony. That's unacceptable. I cut her some slack. I walked."

"Like a real gentleman," Anita said.

"Yeah, it was, lady. I know twenty dudes would've taken her out to the Mojave and buried her alive for that shit."

"I didn't mean it," Anita said.

Capra put his hand on the doorknob and stared at her, but he was speaking to Jimmy. "This one got the beauty that goes down to the bone. High heels or barefoot, don't matter."

"She can sing, too."

"I can't tell if she's powered by a lot of soul or a lot of psycho electricity."

Anita said, "Do you always talk about people like they're invisible?"

"Usually just women."

It was one of those hippie-student pads smelling like cat shit, incense, a little dirty laundry, dirty dishes. She said, "Does somebody, you know—clean?" just to be a bitch.

"I said I owe him. I didn't say I was his slave."

Capra shut the door softly behind him, and the windowpanes rattled as he went down the stairs.

Jimmy lit a cigarette and said, "Honey? I'm home!"

Anita said, "Is this a smoking room?"

"Yeah. I smoke."

"Well, fine. Smoke."

He blew smoke and opened what looked like a closet door. "Even a bathroom. No tub."

Anita sat on the bed. "Jeez, the mattress is like quicksand. Help!"

"Don't get lost. I'll be back." He went out the door, and she listened to the panes rattle while he descended, and then she settled back onto the bare feather pillow. It stank. A few minutes and someone shook the panes again coming up the stairs. It was Sally—Sol—with sheets and a blanket.

"Funky, funky, funky," he said, "but it's bigger than mine. I have a studio downstairs off the kitchen."

He stood by the bed looking haggard, though he smiled. "Might as well live near the job—I have to be in the kitchen by six a.m. anyhow. Can you stand it, honey?"

"Sure."

"The renter just moved out. The plan is we clean it up and move in next week. Me and Jay."

"You mean—you and Jay? Move in?"

"Move in. Me and Jay. That's the -situation."

"Okay," she said.

"Might as well take a shot. At least he's not going anywhere. He's stuck."

"So you guys all knew each other somewhere. Alhambra."

"Alhambra, USA. Jimmy burned up the life down there, huh? Fact is, there's a real coincidence going on here. I got a little crazy down there myself."

"Well," she said.

"Who's after him? Is it the cops, or is it Gambol and Juarez and all those nice people?"

"I know he knows Gambol. But you know what? Jimmy shot him."

Sally still held the towels. Picking at the fabric with one hand. "Jimmy Luntz killed Gambol?"

"No. I don't think he's dead."

"Then Jimmy's dead."

"I don't think Jimmy'll hang around for that."

"Then what's Jimmy hanging around for now?" He looked at Anita. "Oh. Yeah."

When Sally was gone, Jimmy came back with his duffel and their JCPenney shopping bags and set them all down beside the bathroom door. "The earthly goods."

Anita said nothing, making the bed.

Jimmy put on a phony smile and stuck his hands in his pockets and watched. "How's old Sally Fuck doing?"

"He seems nice enough."

"He's not, not nearly."

"Who's Juarez?"

Jimmy lit a cigarette.

"Or did he mean Juarez like the place?"

"Sally mentioned Juarez?" Jimmy took one drag and tossed his smoke through the bathroom door into the toilet. "Juarez is not the place. He's a guy who owns a couple dumpy clubs and porn joints. Sally disappeared two or three years ago with a whole lot of money, and there's a bounty out for his head. It wasn't Juarez's money, but Juarez is the kind of guy who collects things."

"Like bounties."

"Yeah. You're quick. Listen. Whatever you do, don't talk to Sally about the -situation."

"What situation?"

"Exactly. You got it. Don't talk to him."

•

Mary understood her patient was important to Juarez. Juarez had promised her 20 grand to get this man walking again. Juarez hadn't said what he'd give her if things went wrong. To Mary the patient didn't look like anybody important. Long-limbed, long-faced, with a heavy brow and deep-set melancholy eyes that made him seem thoughtful. But he was beginning to impress

her as stupid. After every hypo of morphine sulfate he hopped on a cloud and held court for about 30 minutes. Apparently, he'd once eaten a man's testicles.

"Juarez ate one, and I ate one. Neither one of us puked. Because when I hate somebody, my hatred is bitter. It eats away inside me till I do something horrible to soothe it. It has to be the most horrible thing you could ever think of, or else that hatred won't stop eating."

He sat on the couch in Mary's pastel-blue bathrobe, his wounded leg laid out on the ottoman. It looked like a bloated corpse. She knew it hurt.

"I itch all over. I gotta piss. I haven't pissed in two days."

"Honey, you're on a morphine bash. You won't be able to piss till it's over."

"I know that loser," he said.

"Are you calling Juarez a loser?"

"Not Juarez. Jimmy Luntz."

She brought him the bedpan.

He gave her the finger. "Get that thing away from me."

"Just try and pee."

"I can't pee on cue."

"Ha ha."

"I like the way you laugh."

"Honey, that was fake."

In the nylon robe the patient looked ridiculous, holding his tool in his hand and steering it toward the metal pan, gazing at her, contented, doped up, expressionless. "Mary. Right?"

"Right."

"You are what we call a hefty blonde. You look about forty."

"I'm forty-four. Thirty-eight in the bust."

"Forty-four years old? That's okay. I used to like the young ones, but ever since my niece started growing a bust herself, I changed my taste. Now the young ones all look like my niece."

Mary tossed the empty ampoule under the sink.

"Enjoy yourself, big guy. That was the last happy hypo. After this it's just oxycodone and amoxicillin."

"I'm trying to straighten her out. She got arrested for shoplifting."

"Who?"

"My niece. Aren't you listening?"

"Sure. And taking notes."

"I'm trying to tell her a few things, get her lined up for the future. She says there is no future."

"Pee, or put your dick away."

"Her dad just died. My kid brother. Thirty-seven years old. Allergic reaction."

"Reaction to what?"

"Fuck if I know."

"You better find out. If it runs in the family——"

"Him and I were the last men in the family. Now it's me. If I croak, the family name is erased."

"What's the name?"

"Just call me Ernest."

"Not Ernie?"

"What do you think?"

"Okay. Ernest."

"Yeah. Okay. What about a happy-ending?"

"Not dying when somebody shoots you is about as happy as it gets."

"Do you know what I mean? Like the massage girls? I mean a blow job. That's a happy ending."

"Happy for you, is all. For me it's a mouthful of fuckwad."

"What's Juarez paying you for all this medical care?"

"Enough to get four acres in Montana."

"I'll put five on top of it."

"Five what?"

"Five K."

"For a blow job?"

"For nothing. For saving my ass. Like a thank-you."

"You're welcome. Now close your pretty robe."

Juarez called. Gambol couldn't make sense of the conversation. Juarez said, or Gambol said, "Fucking

Luntz." One of them said Fucking Luntz.

"Gambol. You there?"

"Yeah."

"Then talk. Don't just breathe. I been hearing from him time to time."

"Who?"

"Fucking Luntz. This asshole makes my stomach hurt. He refuses to behave, and he refuses to make sense. I hate him."

"Fucking Luntz."

"It's embarrassing to hate your enemy. When you're cold, that's better. Then you can move. You're more precise—you know where respect comes from? When you're precise. Gambol. Gambol."

"Yeah."

"Are you using a cell phone? What's her phone?"

"No."

"Is it a cell phone?"

"I said no."

"Fucking cell phones, you never know what with them."

"SHE LAY BACK, RAISING HER DRINK LIKE A TORCH TO KEEP IT LEVEL, AND SLIPPED TWO FINGERS INTO THE ELASTIC OF HER PANTIES AND SNAKED THEM DOWN AROUND HER THIGHS AND RAN TWO FINGERS OVER HER MOUND, BACK AND FORTH, AND LOOKED RIGHT AT HIM UNTIL HE WAS FORCED TO CLEAR HIS THROAT AND SWALLOW."

"I like her."

"Mr. Gambol.... Jesus."

"Put five K on top. That's from me."

"Definitely. Whatever you need."

"Whatever she wants."

"Sure. How doped up are you?"

"Who?"

"Good. But not too much. Put Mary on. She there?"

"She's always here." Gambol stuck the phone in Mary's face and closed his eyes.

Luntz preferred shows with plenty of skin, but tonight he had no opinion. He let Anita control the remote and sat in the only chair with his legs straight out and his ankles crossed, staring at his brown socks and dipping his ashes in a coffee cup. She sat against the wall in the bed in her pin-striped pantsuit. One channel after another. Around 10 they turned in. She wore her bra and panties to bed. They lay side by side, Luntz in his boxers and T-shirt. He rested his cheek on his outstretched arm and tried conversing. She told him she felt sweaty and asked him to keep his distance. He tried touching her bare shoulder with his finger. His hand shook. She turned to the wall, and then she asked to have the outside half of the bed. He got up for that, found one window that wasn't stuck and raised it three inches. Anita turned the television back on.

He put on his pants and shoes and went down the

stairs.

The cafe was closed, but there was light in there from somewhere. He banged on the door. Turned his back and watched the road. Not one car. Sally opened the door. "Jimmy Luntz, as I live and breathe."

Luntz said, "God. There's a lot of stars here."

"Please don't call me God. I'm a sinner like you."

"Where's Capra?"

"Zonked in his Airstream. I won't go in there. It smells like socks."

Luntz brought his wrist close to his face. "It's only eleven."

"You want to set a couple of chairs out back? And wrap up in blankets and listen to the river and watch the stars?"

"What for?"

"Exactly. Exactly, man."

"Sell me some booze."

Back upstairs again, he stripped to his underwear while she poured a big one, not too much Sprite, and got half of it down without pausing for breath. "You do drink like an Indian."

"Or else my pants wouldn't have come off last night, so don't complain." She lay back, raising her drink like a torch to keep it level, and slipped two fingers into the elastic of her panties and snaked them down around her thighs and ran two fingers over her mound, back and forth, and looked right at him until he was forced to clear his throat and swallow. The crushed ice sloshed in the go cup as she finished her Popov and Sprite and set the cup aside.

The TV emitted a small steady roar. In the show a man clung to the side of a speeding train. Luntz let the TV run so he could see her by its light. All through their lovemaking Anita kept quiet, but she looked right at him. When she came, she said, "No. No. No."

Next morning Anita seemed morose, sitting naked on the bed's edge, staring at her clothes all bunched up together on the floor. He came out of the shower and found her like that. She didn't look at him. He sat beside her on the bed and towed his hair and lassoed her around the shoulders with the towel, holding the ends in either hand, and she didn't seem to mind.

He studied the general moment, taking the atmospheric temperature, and let her go. "What's on TV?" he said. "I usually watch in the daytime."

"No. Really?"

"I get up late and just stay in bed and burn the daylight down."

"A night person."

"That's right, yeah. I blend in better that way."

"Not the outdoor type."

"My idea of a health trip is switching to menthols and getting a tan," he said. "I don't like push-ups, sit-ups, ex cetera. Et cetera, I mean." He'd been corrected in this several times but always forgot.

"You're cute enough," she said, "but you got a sissy body."

"Didn't you know that?"

"What?"

"That it's et cetera, not ex cetera."

"Yeah, man, I did. I just didn't feel like embarrassing you," she said and headed for the bathroom.

When she came out he told her, "I watched you going to the shower and I thought I was gonna break down crying."

"Oh," she said.

"Come here." She sat beside him, both of them naked, and he kissed her, and the temperature felt better. "I'd like to try it sober."

"Can we wait till after breakfast, when I'm not hungover?"

"Sure. Let's go downstairs. What are we having?"

"Beer."

"No problem. Day or night, Sally can fix it."

"Is he sleeping in the other guy's trailer? Who's the

other guy again?"

"Capra."

"Where do they sleep? Downstairs or in the trailer?"

"Who? Sally and Capra? They don't sleep together."

"Sally told me they're moving in together."

"Wow. No shit?"

"That's the story."

"If it's love, it's love," he said. "I had a woman I lived with off and on for—Jesus. Six years. And it was never love. And if it ain't love, it ain't love."

"I'll tell you what's love: Jimmy Luntz loves to state the obvious."

"Don't piss on my philosophy."

"I'm just hungover. And I'm scared."

"Of what?"

"You name it."

"No. You name it."

"Yesterday, today and tomorrow. Anything else—hell, I'll spit right in its face."

"What do you mean? There's nothing else."

"See? Boy loves to state the obvious."

When they made love a while later he tasted a little beer on her breath, but she was sober. They lay together afterward, and she rested her leg over his. They watched a show on TV about the miracles of forensic science, and Anita told him it was a bogus show. "There are six thousand unsolved murders a year in this country."

"Let's hope so," he said and switched it off.

"What now?"

"Let's do what I always do."

"Which is?"

"Double down, honey."

"You want to try me in a different position?" The way she said it, his throat tightened and he couldn't answer.

She asked him to go on his knees by the bed—while she sat on the edge with her feet on the floor and her legs apart—and get into her that way. It didn't work. Anita said, "You're too—"

"I'm not eight feet tall, yeah. It can't happen."

But she liked it fine the regular way and called him Daddyman and cried no, no, no when she came. He lay beside her and dried the sweat between her breasts with a corner of the bedsheets. Then to keep from asking questions he sat up and put his feet on the floor and lit a cigarette. But she touched his back with her fingers, and the question asked itself.

"Why are you with me?"

"I like a bad man who hates himself. I want all the bad people to hate -themselves."

"Are you bad, Anita?"

"Yes."

"Do you hate yourself?"

"Not enough."

Luntz went down once around three p.m. and came back upstairs with burgers and fries and soft drinks and vodka. She made love like a drunken nun, and he liked that, but the conversation afterward was not at all aimless or relaxed. "What you really want," he told her, "is revenge."

"Yeah. I've fantasized about revenge. Do you want to hear how sick it gets?"

"No."

"The judge has the money. Or half of it at least."

"What about Hank?"

"I'll take care of Hank."

Luntz said, "You don't hide two million in a shoe. They've got it in some off-shore account."

"The judge is a sick old man. When we put two guns in his face, he'll come up with it. We'll make him transfer it."

"Must be eleven felonies in that scenario."

"Unreported felonies. You can't steal stolen money. If a tree falls in the forest and nobody hears it, did it really make a sound? Fuck no!"

Luntz said, "You're the sure shot. In my whole life, I've fired exactly one bullet."

Anita said, "I can knock bottles off a fence all day. But I'm not the guy who shot a guy."

Blondie sat on the ottoman, helping him with leg lifts.

"What's your name again?"

"Mary."

"How much more of this shit?"

"Till I say. Or else you'll lose muscle mass, and you'll gimp around for months."

"It looks good. I mean the sutures and all, a very professional job. Were you in a war?"

"I was on a hospital ship off Panama during that thing and at the Army hospital in Frankfurt during the first Gulf. And I did six months in Iraq in oh-three."

"No shit. Where'd you get all the equipment?"

"Stole it. I work as a temp sometimes, in different clinics. And the hospital."

"You sell it out of your garage, or what?"

"Nope. I just like to steal things."

She helped him lie on his belly on the couch and started an alcohol rub between his shoulder blades.

He told her, "Baby, don't ever stop."

"That's what they all say."

"WITH HER LIPSTICK IN ONE HAND AND THE BOTTLE IN THE OTHER, SHE TOOK TWO SWALLOWS OF POPOV, AND IT WENT DOWN LIKE MOTHER'S MILK. JIMMY WRESTED IT AWAY FROM HER AND SCREWED THE CAP ON AND SAID, 'NO DRUNKS IN COURT.' SHE LEANED INTO THE MIRROR AND GOT HER LIPS JUST RIGHT. SHE TURNED TO HIM. 'I'M NERVOUS.' 'BEAUTIFUL WOMEN DON'T GET NERVOUS.'"

"I'm sorry if your car's ruined."

"No, man, I know gunshot wounds are bloody. I had the whole backseat and floor covered in plastic sheets all ready for you."

As he spoke, lying there under her pleasant hands, he felt his chin lifting his head up and down. "I guess this whole business is pretty fucked, huh? Guy with a hole in his leg just shows up and moves in."

"I don't mind. It's got some reality to it. Like war."

"So how did our boy talk you into this?"

"He sends me money every month."

"Why?"

"Because my attorney said so."

"You were married to Juarez?"

"I know what you think—I got fat and middle-aged and he dumped me. But no, he dumped me way before that. Then I joined the service."

She helped him ease over onto his back, and she began on his shoulders and chest.

"Are you a natural blonde?"

"None of your business," she said, "but yes, I sure am."

"How'd you get mixed up with a Mexican?"

"Hey. Mexicans are human too."

"I'm just curious. Wait," he said as she moved her hands to his legs, "you're skipping the important part."

"How well do you know Juarez?"

"We go way back."

"Not as far as me," she said. "Ever wonder why

Juarez doesn't have any Mexican friends? Why he's not in with a totally Chicano gang with headbands and tattoos and all that? I mean, where's his Mexican buddies? It's because he's not Mexican. He's Jordanian. And partly Greek, I think."

"You mean Juarez is an Arab?"

"Arab, yeah. His name is Muhammed Kwa-something."

"He's a fucking Muslim?"

"What? I don't know." She put her hands lightly on his groin.

Gambol pushed her hands away, gripped the back of the couch and hauled himself to a sitting position.

"I could've called any one of a thousand guys on the phone to get my ass out of that culvert. And not one of them would've done it. Only Juarez."

She tried to close the robe for him, gave up, moved to the end of the couch, wide-eyed. "Sorry."

"Juarez is not a fucking Muslim."

"I didn't say he was. Sorry."

"Come here. I'm going to come in your face."

"Lie back down and keep the leg elevated." She stood up and gave him the finger. "You're not ready for target practice."

With her lipstick in one hand and the bottle in the other, she took two swallows of Popov, and it went down like mother's milk. Jimmy wrested it away from her and screwed the cap on and said, "No drunks in court."

She leaned into the mirror and got her lips just right. She turned to him. "I'm nervous."

"Beautiful women don't get nervous." He rested one hand on her shoulder. "Just cross your fingers and stay calm. And don't talk fast."

"I've seen it done."

He escorted her down the stairs.

Just before she got in the car, he took out his wallet and handed her five \$100 bills.

"Hey. No."

"Take it. You're with me now."

As she got into the Caddy, he said, "Remember," and raised two crossed fingers—"and don't talk fast."

He shut the door for her as she turned the key. She gunned it twice. He tapped a finger on her window, and she lowered it all the way.

He put his forearms on the sill and leaned toward her and said, "Let's get it."

"For real?"

"Yeah."

"Don't say it if it isn't real."

"I've more or less done the hard part, which is gunning down a member of the gangster police force. I declare their shit null and void." His eyes were wide and his face tight with fear.

Mary came in from the store and set two white plastic bags of groceries on the kitchen counter. The next thing she did was light a cigarette. She wore a skirt today.

Gambol held out the classifieds and shook them at her. "Call this guy."

"Who?"

"Buy the gun. He's offering a case of ammo, too, but don't take it. Is there a gun store in town?"

"How would I know that?"

"Look in the book for a gun shop. Get me some MagSafe ammo for a three-fifty-seven Magnum. They come in packs of five or six. Get me ten packs. You need me to write that down?"

"Don't strain your mind." She opened a drawer in the kitchen and found a pen and pad. Sat on the coffee table and placed her cigarette on the ashtray's edge and crossed her legs like a secretary. She had good legs. "Say again."

"MagSafe. Three-fifty-seven Magnum. Ten packs. And a box of fifty regular rounds, too—the cheapest, it doesn't matter. And get me clothes, three of everything. Extra-large shirts, extra-large T-shirts. At least a forty-inch waist for the shorts."



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And forty-two waist and thirty-six length for the slacks. I'll reimburse you later. And shoes, jogging shoes. Eleven-E."

"It won't be the same, you without your cute robe." He looked at her legs.

"Ernest. What are you looking at?"

"Let me ask you something. What did you think, fighting against the Arabs and knowing you used to be married to a fucking Arab? That one of them used to fuck you?"

"Hey. Arabs are human too."

Gambol ground his thumb down onto the burning ember in the ashtray and extinguished it. "And get a new robe for yourself. Get a short one."

•

Gambol examined the gun. It looked fine. When he needed to know for sure, he could take it five miles in any direction and find a place where gunshots wouldn't disturb anybody.

Mary stood before him until he noticed her.

Gambol said, "Jesus Christ."

"Is this the kind of robe you had in mind?"

She unfastened the belt of Gambol's robe, and he said, "I told you—no bedpan."

"That's not what I'm doing," she said and knelt before him.

He watched her. She enjoyed what she was doing, he saw that. And he smelled breakfast cooking, too. She paused and raised her face to him. "Juarez didn't pull you out of that culvert. I did."

She lowered her face to him.

•

Luntz unzipped the duffel bag. He laid the shotgun on the bed.

Capra didn't touch it. "Pistol grip's illegal in California."

"And smoking's illegal. Everything."

Capra ran one finger along its length. "Where'd you get it?"

"Won it in a poker game."

"Do you have evil intentions?"

"I thought I might sell it or something."

"How much you want for it?"

"I don't know. I might keep it. If I knew how to use it."

Capra hoisted the gun. "Watch my thumb. See this button?" Luntz watched as Capra ran the slide back and forth repeatedly—klik-ack! klik-ack! klik-ack!—and eight red shells popped out one by one onto the mattress. "Well, don't travel with it loaded, for one thing. Cops frown on that shit. Anyway"—as he ran the slide back and forth again, klik-ack!—"that's all you need to do, right there. You hear sinister noises downstairs, just"—klik-ack!—"and to an intruder, that's the ugliest sound in the world."

"How do you get the shells back in?"

"Under here. You want 'em out, push this button like I showed you and run the action. And this one is your safety. Red side out means safety off. Push it in and your trigger don't pull."

Luntz accepted the gun from his hands and slipped the shells back into the magazine one by one and made sure he had the safety on. "I think I'm considering a little move."

"Obviously."

"I'd be willing to accept some help."

"Jimmy, I'm not like that. If I was like that, my ex-wife would be dead."

Luntz replaced the gun in the duffel and zipped it shut and shoved it his whole arm's length under the bed.

"Unload it," Capra said. "You going to unload it?"

"No," Luntz said.

"Don't let Sol find out about that weapon. He's skittish."

"You always used to call Sally Sally, like everybody else."

"Things change."

"If it's love, it's love."

"I'm just saying things change, man."

"Don't I know it."

Capra put his hand on the doorknob but stood still.

"Jimmy."

"Yeah."

"You've gotten quiet. I like it."

•

Juarez called. He told Gambol, "A really funny thing happened."

"I'm not in a mood for funny."

"This is a really funny thing. But it's not for this kind of phone. This is a pay-phone-to-pay-phone kind of funny thing. Call me in ten minutes."

"I don't have any pants on."

"What?"

"I won't repeat myself."

"What are you wearing, honey?"

"Fuck you. Give me two hours. I need an hour just to get my pants on. Make it four o'clock."

"Exactly four o'clock p.m. Get some pants. Then get ready to laugh your pants off."

He did sound like an Arab.

•

"HE WATCHED HER. SHE ENJOYED WHAT SHE WAS DOING, HE SAW THAT. AND HE SMELLED BREAKFAST COOKING, TOO. SHE PAUSED AND RAISED HER FACE TO HIM. 'JUAREZ DIDN'T PULL YOU OUT OF THAT CULVERT. I DID.' SHE LOWERED HER FACE TO HIM."

She didn't know if she talked fast or slow. She forgot to cross her fingers. She didn't glance once at Hank, not once, that much she knew. That was the important thing.

Afterward, outside the courthouse, Hank gave her back the key to the house. Just walked up and handed it to her like a flower. "Babylove. Come on over. You've got a couple things at the place."

"A couple? My whole life is in that house."

"We don't have to break off contact."

"The fuck we don't. Five days ago in the Packard Room you didn't have anything more for me than Cajun chicken."

"Five days ago the last nail wasn't in."

"In my coffin?"

"Poor choice of words."

He wore a tailored charcoal suit. His shirt looked like cream.

"How much did you pay for that tie?"

"Money's no object. Not lately, Babylove."

"Do you have some formula you're working here? You call me Babylove X times and poof you're not a piece of shit?"

"I am a piece of shit." He put his hands in his pockets and smiled. He wasn't that good-looking. He simply had this way about him that suggested it was his party and the human race was lucky to be his guest.

"You never let me in. You ripped off two point three

million dollars and never mentioned it. And then you framed me for it."

He said, "Somebody has to be the designated bad guy."

"Why can't the real bad guy be the bad guy?"

"In this kind of situation, that honor goes to the cutest. You're the cutest."

"What an honor."

"The one they'll punish least. I'm not as cute as you. I know it's cold-blooded, and I'm horrible and mean, but lift your head up and take in the scenery here. Does it look like prison? It's over, and we're both standing on the street."

"Meanwhile I pay eight hundred a month, and no job."

"Babylove. Wake up. It's over."

"Eight hundred a month for life. How over is that?"

"Are you staying around?"

"What do you think?"

"I'm not staying around either. Why don't we not stay around together?"

"Do I look that desperate? All I need in this world is half a tank of gas to get to the next man. And he's a better man than you."

"Don't kill me. Don't you know you can kill me, talking that way? I'm the one who's desperate."

"You lie and you lie and you lie."

"What do you want? Just tell me."

"I want to see you grovel."

"I'm groveling now. How do you like it?"

"I love it. That tie must've cost two hundred dollars."

"There's more where that came from. Why don't we share the wealth?"

She turned around and left. She didn't look back.

•

Later she drove by the house. He probably wasn't home. No reason he'd be home at 11 a.m. But his gray Lexus sat in the driveway. The Lexus didn't mean he was home. He might be driving a second car. He could afford one. He could own eight cars by now. He could be heading a parade of newly purchased automobiles down Main Street. In her shaking hand the key chain jingled. She put the key in the lock. She swung open the door. He was home. "Babylove," he said. "I'm pouring you a drink."

Seven minutes later he went down on the floor by the bed. She said, "I like you on your knees, Daddyman."

She saw tears in his eyes.

She was weeping too. "Now beg."

•

Ernest Gambol proceeded into the traffic and across the street, looking neither right nor left, setting his aluminum cane down hard with each step forward. The pain was good pain. Different than before. He entered the parking lot of the Circle K. As he passed behind the Wonder bread truck idling out front, its reverse lights flared. He struck the nearest one with his cane and shattered it. He made his way to the pay phone, where he rested his weight on both feet equally and allowed four minutes to pass. He punched the buttons and called the pay phone out front of O'Doul's.

Juarez answered. "Alhambra here."

"It's me."

"Are you ready to laugh?"

"I'm ready."

"You got your pants on?"

"Jesus Christ."

"Are you ready?"

"I said I was."

"Do you remember Sally Fuck?"

To be continued....

Look for the next installment of Nobody Move in Next Year issue of Playboy.



- 90 FASHION.**
DOUBLE BREASTED
COAT
- 92 LEISURE**
SKATEBOARDING
- 94 BEVERAGES**
20 GREATEST
COCKTAILS
- 98 WELLNESS**
HANGOVER CURE
- 99 ESTABLISHMENT**
EDEN CLUB AND VENOM
SHOOTERS BAR



**SHE WANTS HER PLAYGROUND IN
FULL COLOR AND HER PASSION
FOR BEAUTY STEADY.**

PLAYBOY introduces Jaylee Jones, the hottest make-up artist in Manila. Jaylee attended a California cosmetology school at 17 and has been working hard since then to make a mark in making women "feel lovely and drop-dead gorgeous."

On a usual day you'd catch her working with gorgeous models or spot her in some fashion show projects in the evening. Yet this lady is not just all work. , "I love to end my day with a nice cold drink with some friends," she tells PLAYBOY. Let no bar be left uncovered. Here's to bar-hopping with the fun Jaylee.



THE DOUBLE-BREADED

YOU MAY RECALL THE DOUBLE-BREADED SUIT AS THE LUXURIOUSLY SLEEK MAFIA ARMOR. BOXY WITH ITS LARGE PEAK LAPELS AND WIDE PINSTRIPE, THE DB CUT HAS BEEN UPDATED SIMILAR TO THE ONE THE SINGLE-BREADED SUIT HAD UNDERGONE RECENTLY: SLEEVES AND WAIST, TRIM AND TAPERED; LAPELS SLIMMER TO GIVE YOU A BROADER CHEST; AND, A LENGTH CUT JUST RIGHT TO GIVE YOU HEIGHT.

A transformation to a sharper wardrobe makes it easy for formal and casual attires. Consider it for casual looks this holiday season. It's a bold statement. After all, the Playboy is fearless about trying new things to have a personal style and further making it his own.

1

The double-breasted suit may spell seriousness at first glance, but your plaid button down or your knitted pullover can make the look the wear for holiday dinners. Keep the suit unbuttoned to look more laid-back. As a rule, button only the top one. Choose solid or muted neutrals for a first.

2

Chinos and dark denim are your first option. Wear the new slim fit: a little room for the hip and leg area, but narrow on the calves.

2

Thin-soled driving shoes or wingtips are the way to go. Black goes with dark denim, dark brown goes with chinos. Avoid loud-colored and bulky shoes. Your shoes should not get the first nod.

UPDATED MENSWEAR IS ADDING UP TO THE NEW COOL. The double-breasted suit hides your gut, lets out your chest, and gives you the look of strong shoulders. It adds to your confidence which, as all men should know, precedes the armor.



photo: www.tedbaker.com

GO BACK TO BASIC



COMPLETE THE LOOK

FACT YOU

As haute couture is for women, bespoke is for men. The term is from the verb bespeak meaning to "speak for something". Bespoke clothing is a tradition of making clothes, as in a suit, from patterns cut for an individual. A bespoke suit is obsessively handmade, and one's is pattern is kept as a record. It is a custom-made suit that says it is entirely spoken for.



4

If you wear eyeglasses, this look is an excuse to coordinate what you wear because the pair that you will wear may be as unexpected as your suit. Mind the rim color and shape. The ladies might have trouble which part they would compliment first.

SUBCULTURE TO URBAN LIFESTYLE:

URBAN ATHLETICS AND SUPRA BRING AMERICAN PRO-SKATERS TO THE PHILIPPINES



SKATEBOARDING has gone from a mere past time in the 50's to a sport in the 60's, and, in the next decades, grew into a subculture. It became a part of youth culture and created a vibrant and growing crowd propelled with skill and talent. Now this proactive culture has grown onto a lifestyle. More than the constant association with the X-games, the geared skater has the style and the swagger that defines and promotes the culture. Urban Athletics, a store that combines athleticism and urban fashion with just the right fit and mindset for the local skateboarding community, recently held the Supra Asian Tour, a "Meet and Drink" program in Makati that introduces fans to American skateboarding stars. Teaming up with lifestyle brand Supra, the event brought professional American skater greats, like Stevie Williams, Erik Ellington, Neen Williams, Keelan Dadd, Boo Johnson, Kevin Romar, Spencer Hamilton and Lizard King to our shores. These extreme sports athletes are now kings of the streets—living testaments to where creativity, hard work, determination, and even artistry, may bring you. It was the one chance where skaters got to show their wares, talk to the ingénues, and have fun with the community.

FACT YOU

Skateboarding started out as a trend in the 50's. Although it is not clearly documented and known who started the fad of "surfing" in the streets, it was a spontaneous past time across California. The trend waned but was revived in 1972 when Frank Nasworthy invented urethane skateboard wheels, which are similar to what most skaters use today. It brought back interest on the skateboard, and from there sports merchandise for skateboarding took off paving the way to the street culture we see now. (www.ask.com)



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THE 20 GREATEST COCKTAILS
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They don't make 'em like they used to.
BUT YOU CAN—RIGHT NOW. IT'S TIME TO 86 THE POTATO—CHIP VODKA AND ENERGY DRINKS,
ALONG WITH THE DIET BEER, BOMBS AND SHOOTERS OF ALL STRIPES.
RETURN WITH US TO THE THRILLING COCKTAIL DAYS OF YESTERYEAR

BY TERRY SULLIVAN
PHOTOS BY JEFF INFANTE



BLOODY MARY

The definitive bloody mary history awaits an energetic scholar. Was it invented by M. Fernand "Pete" Petiot at Harry's New York Bar in Paris? Or actor George Jessel in Palm Beach? We may never know for sure.

The mix: There are as many bloody mary recipes as there are brunch specials. Here's one we enjoy. In a pint glass, pour two shots of vodka, four shots of Sacramento tomato juice, the juice of half a lemon and three dashes each of Tabasco and Worcestershire sauces, then add a dollop of horseradish, and salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Add ice and stir with a celery stick.

Variations: Gin. Bacon bits. Slim Jim garnish. Tomatillos. A-I sauce. Rattlesnake venom. There are no rules in the bloody game.



COSMOPOLITAN

One of the few creations of the 1970s that will live on for our grandchildren to enjoy, the cosmo has many fathers, including John Caine at Café Mars in San Francisco, though all but scoffers will credit the definitive version to Toby Cecchini in New York. Since ladies love them, you should have it in your repertoire. Where to have one: Employees Only in New York.

The mix: Shake on and a half ounces of vodka, three quarters of an ounce of Cointreau, half an ounce of fresh lime juice and a splash of cranberry juice with ice. Strain and serve straight up in a stemmed glass. Garnish with a lime wheel.



MANHATTAN

When Sam Tilden was elected governor of New York in 1874, Jennie Jerome (later Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of Winston) threw him a party at the Manhattan Club, where an unidentified bartender supposedly stirred up this original.

The mix: Build over ice in a rocks glass—or stir over ice and strain into a chilled stemmed glass—two ounces of rye, one ounce of sweet vermouth and two dashes of Angostura bitters. Garnish with a maraschino cherry (that's mara-SKEE-no, pilgrim).

Variations: You can use bourbon instead of rye, but Jennie wouldn't have. Use scotch and it's a rob roy.



GIMLET

Likely invented by the Royal Navy to prevent scurvy, the gimlet came to roost in the U.S. when Terry Lennox, in Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye* (1953), said, "A real gimlet is half gin and half Rose's lime juice, and nothing else. It beats martinis hollow." So forget fresh lime and go with the bottled product.

The mix: Stir two ounces Rose's lime juice; serve on ice or shaken and strained into a cocktail glass.

Variations: Swap vodka for gin if you must. Use less Rose's if you're diabetic.



TOM COLLINS

There might have been Tom Collins, a man with a taste for a little extra in his lemonade. But if there was, he's extremely dead. People were drinking these cocktails a hundred years ago. Toms are made mostly from mixes these days, and that's exactly what's wrong with this country.

Make yours the right way: In a tall, thin glass, squeeze the juice of half a lemon (about half an ounce) and add a teaspoon of sugar. Add two ounces of gin and shoot in seltzer until the glass is two thirds full. Fill with ice and stir.

Variation: John Collins—identical but with whiskey.



SAZERAC

The drink that made New Orleans famous. And now that absinthe is back, you can make the original. It began life as medicine, combining Sazerac de Forge et Fils cognac with bitters from Antoine Peychaud's apothecary. The sazerac has been good for you since 1859.

The mix: Pour two ounces of rye and three dashes of Peychaud's bitters in a shaker full of ice, and shake. Coat the inside of a chilled old-fashioned glass with absinthe or Herb-saint (the New Orleans pastis that became a traditional absinthe substitute), rolling it around before flinging out the excess liquid. Strain the rye and bitters into the glass and garnish with a lemon twist.



SIDECAR

Its history is murky, but here's the going story: A World War I officer arrived in a motorcycle sidecar at his local pub, Harry's New York Bar in Paris, and ordered this specific concoction. Two parts spirit, one part sweet and one part sour—you can't go wrong.

The mix: Shake two ounces of cognac, one ounce of fresh lemon juice and once ounce of Cointreau (or other good orange liqueur) with ice. Strain into a cocktail glass or serve on the rocks. Some folks sugar the rim of the glass. Salvatore Calabrese, London's well-known bar maven, sugars half of the rim "because then people have a choice."

Variations: Use tequila and lime and it's a margarita. Vodka and lime equal a kamikaze. Gin makes it a white lady.

▶ BLACK RUSSIAN

A Cold War special. Reliable sources tell us the black Russian was the creation of one Gustave Tops, the man in the short jacket behind the mahogany bar at the Hotel Metropole in Brussels circa 1950. All of which sounds like a remake of *The Third Man*.

The mix: Build it right in the glass, with equal parts vodka and Kahlua. Add ice and stir. Variation: Add two shots of cream for a white Russian.

▶ WHISKEY SOUR

Versions of the whiskey sour appear in the most ancient cocktail books. Sadly, the drink has been abused for years served in silly flute-like glasses. Where to have one: the bar at Blythswood Square, a luxury hotel in Glasgow.

The mix: In a shaker full of ice, add two ounces of whatever whiskey you like, one ounce of fresh lemon juice and three quarters of an ounce of superfine sugar. Shake it to death and pour straight up in a cocktail glass with a maraschino cherry. Daring folks can flout tradition and serve it on the rocks.

Variations: Scotch sour, brandy sour, gin sour—you get the idea.

▶ DAIQUIRI

The beverage of choice for JFK and Ernest Hemingway—which means it's good enough for you. The daiquiri was invented near Daiquiri Beach in Cuba, supposedly by an engineer named Jennings Cox, who was working at a mine of the island and wanted to soften the local rum. Truth is, it was probably invented by natives.

The mix: Pour one and a half ounces of light rum, the juice of half a lime and a quarter ounce of sugar into a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a stemmed glass or serve on the rocks.

Variations: A Bacardi cocktail calls for its eponymous rum maraschino liqueur and grapefruit juice for the Hemingway daiquiri.

▶ MARGARITA

Some say it was created by a woman named Margarita Sames in Acapulco. But the smart money is on a long-forgotten guy behind the bar at the Agua Caliente Race-track in Tijuana. Some folks think the name is for margarita, the daisy, because the yellow liquid encircled by the white salted rim is reminiscent of the flower.

The mix: Shake two ounces of blanco tequila, one ounce of Cointreau (or other good orange liqueur) and once ounce of fresh lime juice. Pour into a stemmed glass, or over ice in a rocks glass, with a salted rim—make that half salted, for the choice. Variation: Frozen in a blender? Fine. Just don't use premade margarita mix.

▶ RAMOS GIN FIZZ

New Orleans saloon keeper Henry Ramos invented this fizz in 1888. In its prime he had a battalion of lads behind the bar shaking fizzes, which takes some serious elbow grease. Where to have one: the Sazerac Bar at the Roosevelt in New Orleans.

The mix: In a shaker with ice, add an ounce and a half of gin, half an ounce of fresh lemon juice, three to five drops of orange flower water, a teaspoon of superfine sugar, two ounces of cream and an egg white. Shake it until your forearms ache—you're making foam with that albumen. Pour into a wine glass and spritz a little soda on top.

MARTINI

The queen mother of them all. Some say it's the drier descendant of a drink Jerry Thomas made in San Francisco's Occidental Hotel bar in the 19th century for a guy waiting for a ferry to Martinez, California. Where to have one: the American Bar in the Savory hotel in London.

The mix: Pour four ounces of excellent gin into a shaker half full of ice. Add anywhere from a half to a full ounce of dry vermouth (we like Noilly Prat). Stir, do not shake, no matter what you've heard. Strain into a chilled stemmed glass. Rub a lemon twist along the rim, then drop it in.

Variations: Olive brine makes it a dirty martini (popularized, but not named, by FDR.) A cocktail onion makes it a Gibson. Using vodka make it a mistake.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

One of the originals, it appeared in the 1862 first edition of the sainted Jerry Thomas's *How to Mix Drinks*. Someone later added cognac to the recipe. We don't know who, but we thank him.

The mix: Soak a small sugar cube in Angostura bitters, then place it in the bottom of a flute. Pour champagne nearly to the top, leaving room for a splash of cognac. It's like a continental boilermaker.

Variation: the French 75—named for the kick of the World War 1 75-millimeter cannon. Add gin in place of the cognac, along with a dash of lemon juice.



OLD FASHIONED

Legend has it the drink originated at Louisville's Pendennis Club. That could even be true.

The mix: In the bottom of a large rocks glass, place a teaspoon of sugar, an orange slice, a maraschino cherry, two dashes of Angostura bitters and a teaspoon (or less) of water or club soda. Muddle. Add two ounces of bourbon and ice. Stir.

Variations: If you like brandy, try a brandy old fashioned. If you're short on vitamin C, add another orange slice and a cherry on a stick.

IF YOU LIKE BRANDY, TRY
A BRANDY OLD FASHIONED.
IF YOU'RE SHORT ON
VITAMIN C, ADD ANOTHER
ORANGE SLICE AND A
CHERRY ON A STICK.

▶ MOJITO

Originally hecho en Cuba, the mojito is all about mint. In fact, it's just a rum collins with mint and lime.

The mix: Put a teaspoon of bar sugar, the juice of one lime, two quarters of the lime itself and a handful of mint leave in the bottom of a rocks glass. Muddle. Add one and a half ounces of blanco rum and some ice, and top with an ounce of club soda.

▶ BEE'S KNEES

The best name in the cocktail pantheon, hee bee's knees is a honey of a drink. Nobody knows where it came from, but it was likely born during Prohibition.

The mix: In a shaker with ice, pour two ounces of gin, the juice of half a lemon and three quarters of an ounce of honey syrup (dissolve honey in boiling water—equal parts—then let cool). Shake vigorously and pour into a stemmed glass. Garnish with a curl of lemon peel.

Variation: If your honey leaves you, try this one with maple syrup.

▶ BRANDY ALEXANDER

Originally an after-dinner drink simply called an alexander (maybe for the czar of the same name), this one's nice and sweet. Make it for people who don't like liquor and they'll suck 'em down like mocha frappuccinos. Where to have one: the Park Lane Hotel in London.

The mix: Shake very hard with ice equal parts brandy, white or dark crème de cacao and cream. Strain into a cocktail glass and garnish with freshly shaved nutmeg.

Variations: alexander, with gin instead of brandy, or alexander's sister, with gin, white creme de menthe and cream.

▶ THE BRONX

This highflier was invented by Johnnie Solon at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel circa 1900 after a customer challenged him to create a drink. He named it for the Bronx Zoo because his customers kept seeing animals after they'd had a few.

The mix: In a shaker full of ice, pour one ounce each of gin and freshly squeezed orange juice (from Seville orange if possible) and half an ounce each of sweet and dry vermouth. Shake, strain into a stemmed glass and garnish with an orange wheel.

Variation: the silver Bronx—no dry vermouth, one ounce of sweet vermouth.

▶ NEGRONI

In the 19th century Gaspare Campari created a cocktail made with equal parts of his Campari liqueur and sweet vermouth, calling it the Milano-Torino (the homes of the two concoctions). It is said that in the 1920s Count Camillo Negroni ordered this drink with a shot of gin in it—and voila.

The mix: Take one ounce each of gin, sweet vermouth and Campari. Shake with ice and strain into a cocktail glass, or build over ice in a rocks glass. Garnish with an orange twist.

Variation: Add a splash of soda in a lieu of gin and you have an americano.

THE NEW EUPHORIA: EDEN CLUB AND VENOM SHOOTERS BAR



VENOM SHOOTERS BAR DRINKS AND MIXES

*Flaming Lamborghini
Grenade
United Colors of Tequila
Stephen Shot
Back Draft
Flaming Dr. Pepper*

You know you are in for some serious clubbing when you find a place where you can roam, chill, and get insanely wild with the unique drinks they whip up. Eden's Outdoor Lounge is a posh patch to enjoy a drink while the party spirit hits you. Venom Shooters Bar is to start up the revelry. One hit of their nifty, flaming concoction and you are on a fun-binge. On the eve of its launch, Eden Nightclub, the second floor of the spacious establishment was astir with the music of the finest DJs with a lifting audiovisual experience. Urban music with hip-hop and mash-ups could only be a blissful night with party kings and queens. Eden Club and Venom Shooters Bar recently opened at Eastwood City — now calling to your party vibe for a brave night of fun.

FACT YOU

The origin of the name of the eggnog is unknown. Some attribute "nog" from the word "noggin", which is a wooden cup used in the 1700's, with "grog" which is a strong beer. It's milk and egg yolk and it's spiked — an ideal drink for the cold December, and too rich and heady to be enjoyed in just one season.



HANG EASY WITH A HANGOVER

WHEN IT COMES TO BOOZE, THE “DRINK MODERATELY” RULE SEEMS TO BE DEFINED AS “AS LONG I’M STILL STANDING, I DRANK MODERATELY”.



PHOTO COURTESY OF WARNER BROS. /www.hangoverpart2.warnerbros.com

You’ll have that one on the rocks, then that one for the road then dive into a senseless night of the after-hours. The holidays are a ticket for overindulgence. While the revelry is all good-natured, one must face the consequence as another day begins: the confounded hangover. Need to go to work after that wild night? Here are some simple tips to whack that pounding feeling in your head:



GET UP AND SMELL THE COFFEE. And have one, too. It would not seem like your usual morning, but have coffee anyhow and do not skip breakfast. A complete breakfast with a protein boost—one with eggs, tuna, and whole wheat bread, would help replenish protein in the body. Eggs have cysteine, a substance your body needs, along with glutathione, to counteract the enzymes that causes the feeling of a hangover.

WORK-OUT AND REHYDRATE. Hit the gym as your breakfast eases in, and drink plenty of water. Fluids will replenish the electrolytes in the body and to rehydrate. Alcohol is a known diuretic and sweating to “flush it away” is not a proven scientific fact. The release of endorphins causes a feeling of rejuvenation while sweating and alters your mood. So ease up on the exercise.

BE GOOD TO YOUR LIVER AGAIN.

While minding the hangover, do not wait to detoxify your liver. Take vitamin B complex, and a meal with eggs. Snack on nuts to keep the blood sugar stable if you are up for a long night of festivity, we recommended that you “line” your stomach by eating less fatty food. Fat tends to empty the stomach slowly. Good fat, like the one from fish, for example, with protein and carbohydrates will line the stomach, ready for the histamine release that gets triggered by alcohol. Histamine upsets the stomach — your cue that you’ve had too much.



FACT YOU

The reason for your hangover? ACETALDEHYDE. Alcohol hits the liver and is broken down by dehydrogenase, an enzyme that forms acetaldehyde. Acetaldehyde is then bombarded with acetaldehyde dehydrogenase and glutathione that is helped when you eat a high-protein breakfast. Glutathione has high levels of cysteine that is also found in eggs and, mixed with acetaldehyde dehydrogenase, forms a non-toxic substance similar to vinegar. Too much alcohol would use up the liver’s glutathione though causing large amounts of acetaldehyde toxins to build up and remain in the body.



IWA MOTO AND THE MOCHA GIRLS DELIGHT FANS ON PLAYBOY TOUR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
PATRICK GRANADOS

Playboy Philippines recently featured two of the most awaited stars to be on the pages of our packed issues.

On the August issue, we had on the cover the ever controversial, Iwa Moto. Her enticing gaze and face, her intriguing relationship, and her Playboy shift was much talked about at the press conference held at the City State Hotel in Manila. Attended by top showbiz newsmen, the feisty Iwa gamely answered the media with their questions about her shoot, the comments of her boyfriend Pampi Lacson regarding her PLAYBOY stint, and her plans for show business.

September could not get any hotter as we revealed our boldest pages yet with pop femme fatales The Mocha Girls. It made noise around the country as the group's lead act, Mocha Uson, bares it full-on on the pages of PLAYBOY. The fans and the media were all giddy and excited to hear behind-the-scenes details first from the ladies during the press conference that was held at the City State Hotel in Manila. As it started off with the presentation of the steamy behind the scenes video of the PLAYBOY shoot, people were all eyes and ears on Yumi, Chloe, Mae, Franz and Mocha. Not a shy smile in front of the cameras, they quirkily answered all the hard-hitting questions of the press. Because of their wit, sensuality and fearlessness, they were tagged to be "still the ones to set the limit of nudity in the Philippines."

Iwa Moto and the Mocha Girls came out to meet and greet eager fans at The Sta. Lucia East Mall for their autograph signing. Avid readers and supporters filled the Activity Center to show love and cheer for their cover girl dream.

Special thanks to our media guests: Miss Laila Chikadora or TV5, Carl Valenzuela of Web Magazine, Daily Tribune, Business Mirror, Ray Pumaloy of Abante, Mark Atienza or Pinoy Paparazzi, Pep.ph, GMA 7 and Push.com





The PLAYBOY Philippines team flew to the home of PLAYBOY Magazine in Los Angeles, to attend the annual conference organized by the International Publishing Group of PLAYBOY headed by Managing Director Markus Grindel. Along with other PLAYBOY magazine teams from all over the world, the Philippine group immersed themselves in a two-day discussion of the PLAYBOY brand, the modern PLAYBOY, and the exciting plans for all its believers and patrons.

The team got even luckier as PLAYBOY Chief Executive Officer Scott Flanders invited them to a tour and a cocktail party at the newly-built PLAYBOY headquarters in the city. With the contemporary look of this bunny head HQ, there is no doubt that it is the ultimate spot to craft those literary gems that fill the pages of PLAYBOY magazine.

PLAYBOY PHILIPPINES TEAM IN THE LAND OF THE FREE PART 2

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
RAYMOND SALDAÑA



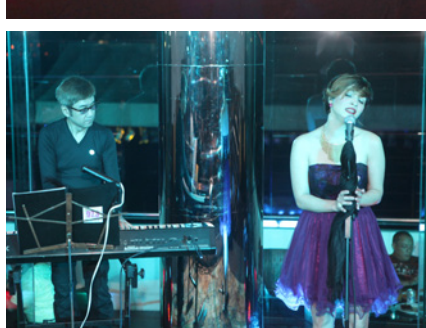
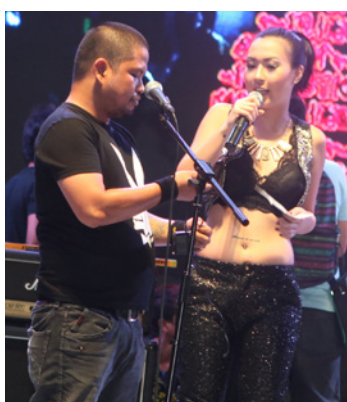
ROCK THE RABBIT YEAR FOUR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
JEFFREY INFANTE
RED SEBASTIAN

PLAYBOY Philippines recently celebrated *Pinoy* music with the Manila Jockey Club in the fourth year of the biggest annual charity concert for Gives Back Foundation — Rock the Rabbit.

Since 2009, Rock the Rabbit has featured indie artists, hardcore and mainstream rock stars who come together for a wonderful night of music and beauty. This year, the concert was held at San Lazaro Leisure Park in Carmona Cavite. Bringing the party to the south, bands like Bonifacio Republic, Speakeasy, Sinosikat, Kenyo and Hatankaru joined the rock legends Maria Cafra and Pepe Smith for a cause that will benefit kidney procedure patients of some hospitals in Manila. PLAYBOY's signature fashion show also hit the runway with your favorite lingerie models and PLAYBOY Playmates. Hosted by 2011's Playmate of the Year Sky Aisuru, the Cavitenos rocked and cheered for their favorite bands and enjoyed a fun night with the sexiest PLAYBOY ladies.

Special thanks to San Miguel Corporation, World Balance, Harbour Center Port Terminal Inc., PCSO, PAGCOR, Nuvali, Business Mirror, Jack TV, Odyssey Live, Odyssey Music Video, Mellow 94.7 and SLBN





Mr. & Ms.

SEXY BODY '13

Schedule:

- Venue : The Brickroad
- Elimination Rounds : December 7, 14 & 21
January 4, 11 & 18
- Semi finals : January 19, 7pm
- Grand finals : February 9, 8pm

Who Are We Looking For?

- Male and female, 18 to 28 years old
- Must be a high school graduate
- With a sexy body and clear skin
- With height of at least 5'3" for female , 5'8" for male

How To Join?

- Interested participant must secure an entry form from the ad & promo department now until December 21.
- Fill out the form and submit together with the following requirements:
 - Copy of birth certificate
 - 2 valid IDs with birth date and photo
 - 2 recent photos

Media Partner



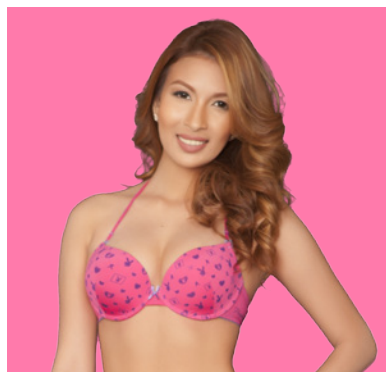
COMING SOON



QUENTIN TARANTINO



KATRINA DARLING



KIOMI TUIVEO



DAX SHEPARD



KRIZ FERNANDEZ



Our December 2009 cover is from *Amazing Race*, a TV actress and host who collects robes and loves surfing. She's also into extreme sports while describing herself as someone who is drawn into excitement. Meet, again, this amazing girl, Jacq Yu.



Zach Galifianakis

In 2010, we got to know Zach Galifianakis' few pet peeves: his fingers are too fat to text, audiences can be rude, computers annoy him—and don't get him started on hipsters and their tiny jeans.



Benicio Del Toro

One of the most renowned musicians in the Philippine industry, Ryan Cayabyab answers 20 Questions and speaks to PLAYBOY about partying, being a star and watching an ilang-ilang tree grow.



Tracy Morgan

Eric Spitznagel asked 20 Questions to 30 Rock's most outrageous star, Tracy Morgan. He talks about his painful childhood and his drug-dealing past, then gets funny about anal sex and breaking pregnant women's water.



James Franco

James Franco proves that a jack of all trades isn't always a master of none. In his 2011 Playboy Interview, we had a candid conversation with the actor-director-writer-artist-student about being Hollywood's most legendary multi-tasker and the controversies that follow him.



Tina Fey

Having grown beyond her initial success on Saturday Night Live, PLAYBOY had a chance to get up close and personal with Emmy Award-winning comedienne and all-around nerd we love to watch in the 2008 December issue of Playboy.

THE BUNNIES ARE BACK

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